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Fifth Series,  
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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXIX.

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## THE SWALLOW.

Englished in the measure of the original, "La Rondinella," of Tommaso Grossi in his novel, "Marco Visconti." This poem is very popular in Italy, and is known to most Italian children.

SWALLOW past my window flying,  
Thy swift course in circles winging,  
From the dawn till day is dying  
One sad song forever singing,  
Would its accents I might follow,  
Know its meaning, pilgrim swallow!

By my faithless spouse forsaken,  
Little widow left desponding,  
How thy mournful plaints awaken  
Earth and air to mine responding!  
Cry — thy tones I fain would follow,  
Fain would know their meaning, swallow.

Yet thou art not quite so wretched  
As am I, with thy swift pinions  
Wafting thee along outstretched,  
While thy voice fills air's dominions  
With soft words I strive to follow,  
Little dark-clad pilgrim swallow.

Would I too — but me confineth  
This dark dungeon that doth hide me,  
Where no genial sunbeam shineth,  
Where free air is e'en denied me,  
Whence my voice can hardly follow  
Thy swift flight, O pilgrim swallow.

Comes September — summer over,  
Thou for southern flight preparest,  
O'er far shores thy wings will hover,  
Mountains, plains, and cities fairest;  
Would that I thy flight might follow,  
And might hear thee greet them, swallow!

But, as each cold day-dawn gleameth,  
Waking I shall in my sorrow  
Think I hear thy voice that seemeth  
Answering to mine, and borrow  
Comfort, while my fancies follow  
Thy far flight, dear pilgrim swallow.

With the spring when thou returnest,  
Thou shalt see a cross below thee;  
Pause where thou that cross discernest,  
My last resting-place 'twill show thee;  
Pause and pray that peace may follow  
Death's release, dear pilgrim swallow.  
Academy. M. R. WELD.

## A SONG OF THE SEA.

DARK and dismal is the day;  
The strong seas lash the snowy spray  
Upon the shivering sand;  
Black clouds are sailing through the sky;  
The solemn tempest seems to sigh  
Of ruin o'er the land.

A fisher has dared the waters wild,  
On this dim and dreary day;  
A loving wife and little child  
Gaze o'er the surging spray  
For the tiny boat that sailed away  
In the early morning grey;  
Hope gleams through the gloom in their dewy  
eyes,  
'Neath the hopeless skies.

And all through the long and weary hours  
They gaze o'er the restless sea,  
Till the dews of eve fall over the flowers,  
And the sun steals silently  
From the cloudy sky, as hope from the breast  
Of wild unrest.

Oh strong was the heart that sailed away  
O'er the seas to-day!  
Oh *still* is the heart that returns no more  
To the welcome shore!  
And the helpless mother weeps in vain,  
For her hopes are sunk in the sounding main!

Yet the face of the fisher smiles far away  
From the evening grey;  
For he stands in the dawn of eternity,  
With a wondering eye;  
And by the shores of the silent sea,  
O mother! he waits thy child and thee!

DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## AFTER RAIN.

## I.

DARK storms of rain have passed away,  
Leaving the blue skies bare, and lo!  
Above the odorous fields of May  
Red sunset-arches glow.

## II.

The hawthorn boughs are wet with drops  
That flash and sparkle, each a star;  
Bird-music chimes in every copse,  
Re-echoed from afar.

## III.

On wings with summer fancies fraught  
The blue-black swallow sweeping by,  
Cuts, like an unexpected thought,  
The silence of the sky.

## IV.

I hear the laughter of a child  
Down where the meadow-banks are all  
Fretted with shifting lights and wild,  
And dreamy shadows fall.

## V.

I see two passing, where I stand;  
I catch the sweet soft undertone;  
But they are walking hand in hand,  
And I am here alone.

Macmillan's Magazine.

S. A. A.

From The London Quarterly Review.  
THE APOCRYPHA.\*

BETWEEN Malachi, the last of the prophets, and John the Baptist, forerunner of the New Covenant, there stretches a period of four hundred years. So far as our Bibles are concerned these are four centuries of silence, unbroken by any voice of divinely accredited prophet or historian, four centuries of darkness, unilluminated by a single ray of divinely inspired writing. If it were now announced for the first time that a discovery had been made of a series of books emanating from that period, describing its characteristics, illustrating its religious life, representative of its thought—histories narrating some of its chief events, speculative works on religion and philosophy, ethical treatises, legendary stories, poetical effusions, and apocalyptic visions—what excitement would be created, what a rush in the literary and religious world would set in towards such valuable relics of an obscure but unspeakably important period of history! Such a literature is, however, before us in the fourteen Greek books generally known as “the Apocrypha,” of which little more than the name is known to the great majority of educated religious men in England, and of which no satisfactory annotated edition had been put forth in English previous to the publication of the supplementary volumes of the “Speaker’s Commentary,” which furnish the subject of the present article.

It is not difficult to explain the unmerited neglect which has overtaken the study of the Apocrypha in this country; but, to understand it fully, it will be necessary briefly to review the history of these books, as regards the esteem in which they have been held by the Christian Church.

The word *apocrypha*—properly meaning “hidden away”—was originally used by ecclesiastical writers in reference to the subject-matter of certain books which were mysterious or obscure in their meaning. This use of the word is found in Clement of Alexandria and Origen. More frequently, however, it referred to heret-

ical, particularly Gnostic, treatises, which were “hidden,” partly in the sense that their contents were kept secret from all but the initiated, partly because they were secluded by the Church, as spurious, their authorship unknown, and their contents such as it was not desirable to make public. The word is used in this sense by Irenæus, Tertullian, and Jerome. It was not used to designate the books which with us go by the name “Apocrypha;” these were called “ecclesiastical books,” as being read publicly in the church, though not canonical or of divine authority. Jerome, it is true, in one of his prefaces—“Prologus Galeatus”—says: “Whatever book is not included in those which we have translated from the Hebrew, is to be classed with the Apocrypha; it is not canonical.” But the name did not obtain general currency, and its use is for the most part Protestant. The first edition of the Bible in which the uncanonical books of the Old Testament were styled apocryphal is the Frankfurt edition of 1534. The name is not used in the sixth article of the Church of England in its reference to this subject; after the mention of the books “of whose authority was never any doubt in the Church,” it designates the rest as “the other books.” These books were, however, introduced into the English version by Miles Coverdale in 1535; they appeared in the Great Bible, the German version, and others, and so made their way into the Authorized Version of 1611, which adopted the then current title and speaks of “the books called Apocrypha.”

We must therefore lay aside this comparatively modern and somewhat misleading word, if we would understand the estimate of the books in early times. They had their origin in that remarkable providential crisis of history known as the dispersion of the Jews amongst the Gentiles. The seclusion in which the chosen people had for so many centuries lived in Palestine was interrupted by the great deportation to Babylon in the sixth century before Christ, and the barriers were still more effectually broken down by the conquests of Alexander and the period of Greek domination which immediately fol-

\* *The Holy Bible, with Explanatory and Critical Commentary: Apocrypha.* Edited by HENRY WACE, D.D. Two vols. London: John Murray. 1888.

lowed upon them. The Jew taught the Greek many things, and learned from him in turn. The standing monument of this mutual influence is the translation of the Hebrew Bible into Greek, known as the Septuagint, "the first apostle that went out from Judaism to the Gentile world." This was executed at intervals ranging from 270 to 170 B.C., and in this Greek Bible, recognized as possessing authority amongst the Hellenizing Jews in Alexandria and elsewhere, there were found to be books which had no place in the Palestinian canon of the Old Testament. This fact is of great significance, as marking a natural outgrowth and development of Judaism. Hebrew literature had come nearly to an end. "The tents of Shem were closed, but the doors of Japheth were expanding with a never-ending enlargement."\* Josephus (*contr. Apion. i. 8*) establishes beyond controversy that the canon of the Jews in Palestine at the end of the first century included only the twenty-two books which the Christian Church has always reckoned as canonical, and the evidence of Philo proves almost as conclusively that there was no substantial difference between the Bible of the Jews in Palestine and the Jews in Alexandria. Philo quotes the historical and prophetic books very freely, though he apparently ranked them as authorities below the Pentateuch, while the Apocrypha he never quotes at all. There is therefore no evidence to show that the fourteen Greek books which now made their appearance side by side with the Greek translations of the canonical Hebrew books were ever accepted as of equal rank and authority with them; but amongst the Greek-speaking Jews they were read and valued, and were admitted at least into the outer court of sacred writings.

The early Christians mainly used the Greek Bible. By far the larger proportion of those who constituted the early Christian Church knew nothing of Hebrew and but little of Jewish tradition. Thus we find that while the Apostles never refer to the uncanonical books, the early Christian Fathers quote freely from them, and

very often use the customary formulæ of Scripture quotation. The books of Judith and Tobit are referred to as genuine history, Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom are cited, and both are ascribed to Solomon, the former by Clement of Alexandria, the latter by Tertullian. It is clear, however, that in the less critical Christian Fathers we have only a reflection of popular usage. Origen, as representing learned opinion, specifically distinguishes between the twenty-two canonical and the fourteen uncanonical books of the Old Testament; Athanasius does the same; while at the Council of Laodicea, A.D. 363, and finally at the Council of Carthage, A.D. 397, formal distinction was made between the two classes of sacred writings, and the canon was fixed by ecclesiastical decree. It is to be understood, however, that the "ecclesiastical books" were still in use, the history of Susanna and the Song of the Three Children being as familiar in the Church as the history of Esther and the prophecies of Daniel.

The next stage in the history that we need notice is marked by the Council of Trent (1547). Throughout the Middle Ages the Latin Bibles in use had included Jerome's translation of the canonical books, together with translations of the other books which had been current previously. The Bible of the Western Church therefore, at the time of the Council of Trent, represented, as Dr. Salmon, in his comprehensive and interesting introduction, says, "at once popular usage and learned opinion: popular usage, because they contained all the books commonly regarded as Scripture; learned opinion, because they also contained Jerome's prefaces, in which he repeatedly insists on the distinction between the canonical Scriptures and the books which were read in the Church for the edification of the people, but not for the authoritative confirmation of doctrine." The question therefore at the time of the Reformation was, what attitude would be taken by the Church of Rome as between what may be called learned opinion and popular usage. The decision arrived at by the Council of Trent was one of Rome's great blunders. The Council itself could

\* Stanley, *Jewish Church*, iii. 227.

indeed possess little weight, if its *personnel* were considered. "When the council actually opened, there were present, besides the legate, only four archbishops and twenty-eight bishops, and some of these were titular bishops, pensioners of the pope, and having no real connection with the dioceses which they nominally represented." No part of the world was really represented except Italy. None of the members knew Hebrew, only a few knew Greek; even the Latin of some was doubtful, and there was not one really learned man amongst them. Yet this council declared, in the name of "the Catholic Church," that it received as canonical all the books of the Old Testament, including those which had never been hitherto acknowledged as canonical, and pronounced them to be equally of divine authority, and to be regarded with equal reverence. It passed an anathema—which is still of course binding on every true Romanist—upon any one who does not receive all these books as sacred, and rank the Story of Bel and the Dragon with the Book of Genesis, and the Song of the Three Hebrew Children with the Psalms of David.

The neglect of the Apocrypha which has certainly obtained amongst Protestants must be considered as to a great extent a reaction against this absurd and mischievous decree, now a dogma of a theoretically infallible Church. The Church of England, it is true, in this as in other respects, has attempted to steer a middle course. In her sixth article it is said: "The other books (as Hierome saith) the Church doth read for example of life and instruction of manners; but yet doth it not apply them to establish any doctrine;" and in the lectionary which until lately determined the public reading of the Scriptures, lessons from all the apocryphal books were appointed, with the exception of the books of Esdras, Maccabees, and the Prayer of Manasses; and these lessons covered the week-days of not less than two months of the year. In 1867, the revised lectionary considerably reduced this number. The only books now read are Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus (with one day's lessons from Baruch), the

passages chosen are shorter and more carefully selected, and, instead of a period of two months, during only three weeks of the year are the week-day lessons selected from apocryphal books. Puritan feeling has, however, been always opposed to any concession in this matter. The Puritans protested at the Hampton Court Conference of 1604, and still more urgently at the Savoy Conference, against the public reading of the Apocrypha; and in 1643 Lightfoot complained of "the wretched Apocrypha" being printed between the Old and New Testaments, which would otherwise "sweetly and nearly join together and divinely kiss each other." "Like the two cherubins in the temple oracle," he said, would the end of the law and the beginning of the Gospel touch each other, "did not this patchery of human invention divorce them asunder."

The undoubted neglect which has now overtaken the Apocrypha does not, however, spring from any violent anti-Roman or anti-ecclesiastical feelings. The adoption by the Church of England of the lectionary of 1867 is a sign of the times, and shows that there is no longer the same amount of interest in the books themselves, nor are they thought to conduce to edification, as in the days when the "Articles of Religion" were drawn up. The controversy which raged with some fierceness in the early decades of this century concerning the printing of the apocryphal books with the Old and New Testaments by the British and Foreign Bible Society marked, it is true, the difference which divides Englishmen of varying ecclesiastical sympathies; and the "Catholic" party are still disposed to circulate the apocryphal with the canonical books, in order that they may have the comfort of knowing that theirs is "the Bible of Christendom." Practically, however, the books are little read by either Churchmen or Nonconformists, and in days when Holy Scripture itself is far too little known and studied, we are not disposed to complain of this, so far as practical edification is concerned. The Sun of Righteousness makes even the moon and stars of the old covenant to pale their light, and to guide one's life by Ecclesiasticus would be to walk by a

farthing rushlight during the very blaze of noon.

There can be little doubt, however, that in this country the reaction against any undue respect paid to the "ecclesiastical books" has been extreme. No critical commentary on them in the English language \* had appeared until lately for more than a hundred years, and it has not been very easy for the ordinary reader even to get hold of a copy of the text. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge published some years ago a neat and useful copy, with brief, well-arranged notes by such competent writers as the late Bishop Wordsworth and Canon Churton; but this was intended only for English readers, and the notes were designedly simple and practical. In Dr. Schaff's edition of Lange's "Bibelwerk," a volume appeared on the Apocrypha about eight years ago, by Dr. Bissell, an American scholar, and this has been until now the only respectable annotated edition in English for students. Canon Churton published a useful edition of the English text under the title "The Uncanonical and Apocryphal Scriptures," but this contains no notes such as even educated readers require in order to read these books intelligently. At last an English commentary is forthcoming. The "Speaker's Commentary" was intended to elucidate the authorized version of 1611, and as the Apocryphal books "formed an integral part" of that version, it was thought well to publish the two supplementary volumes described at the head of this paper. The general editor is Dr. Wace, who informs us in the preface that "it is hoped these volumes will afford the latest information which modern learning has supplied on the subject of the Apocryphal books, and will furnish a trustworthy guide in their study." Dr. Wace's name is sufficient guarantee that the work has been edited with ability and judgment. Dr. Salmon writes a general introduction with the brightness and freshness which is characteristic of him, and which enables him to present the results of learned research interestingly to ordinary readers; while the fact that Archdeacon Farrar comments on the Book of Wisdom, Dr. Edersheim on Ecclesiasticus, Canon Rawlinson on the Books of Maccabees, and that their colleagues in this work are able and experienced writers, is sufficient to show that

the volumes in question fairly represent the current scholarship of the Church of England. They form most certainly a valuable addition to the library of the theological student, and ought to stimulate the careful reading and study of the Apocrypha.

It may not improbably be asked whether any considerable attention bestowed on these books is not wasted, unless on the part of professed students. What is the use to-day, it may be said, for the ordinary reader who is anxious to know his Bible, of spending time upon Tobit and Judith, the Epistle of Jeremy, and Bel and the Dragon? It must be admitted, to begin with, that there is much in the Apocryphal books to repel the sober Bible-reader. There is much in their historical narratives that is clearly fictitious, and perhaps was not intended to be taken as literal fact. The love of the marvellous appears at every turn. The story of Judith can only have been written as a historical romance with a political motive, and Bel and the Dragon sets forth in exaggerated style the scorn of the Jew for the idolater. It has been well said that the legends of the Apocrypha occupy a middle place between the simple truthfulness of the Old Testament and the wild extravagances of the Talmud. The germs of many of the fables which flourished so luxuriantly in later Jewish literature are to be found in these books. We may mention as examples what is said concerning the sacred fire in 2 Macc. i. ii.; the disappearance of the ten tribes in 2 Esdras xiii. 40-47; and the rhetorical embellishments of the history of the Exodus in Wisdom xvi.-xix.

It must be admitted further, that here we are brought face to face with literature to which the name *pseudepigraphical* has been given, marked by the tendency to pass off supposititious books under cover of illustrious names. Modern critics are trying to persuade us that this was characteristic of the whole of the Old Testament; that the names of Moses in the Pentateuch, of David in the Psalms, and of Solomon in the Proverbs, are but illustrations of this. But as a matter of fact the area within which this tendency is observable may be pretty closely defined, and the Apocrypha, together with certain other uncanonical books not included under that title, lies at its very centre. The Books of Esdras, the Wisdom of Solomon, and the Epistles of Baruch and Jeremiah, come as clearly under this category as do the Psalms of Solomon or the Book of Enoch.

\* The best commentary known to us is, as usual, in German — Das Kurzgefasste exegetische Handbuch zu den Apokryphen, by Fritzsche and Grimm. Six vols. Leipzig. 1851-1860.

It must be admitted further that the religious tone and literary style of these books is obviously and often painfully below that of the Old Testament. The voice of the prophet is no longer heard, as the writers themselves confess (1 Macc. iv. 46; ix. 27); when there is any attempt to reproduce prophetic tones, the feeble imitation can deceive no one. Even the language of the sage, who often appears when the prophet has vanished, is not in this case always preserved at a respectable level. The Book of the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach, while it contains many memorable sayings, sinks from time to time into the commonplace and even the coarse. The religious tone and temper of the Apocrypha is less spiritual, more formal and mechanical, than anything in the Old Testament, the angelology which meets us is hardly removed from superstition, while the national pride which characterizes some of the books is precisely the sin which God's prophets and messengers had often rebuked in vain. "The record of great bravery and patriotism under the Maccabees is rather like the outburst of feeling in a people remembering a great past and regretting it, than the token of a vigorous spiritual life. It was the despairing courage of a small band of patriots rousing the nation for a while to great efforts, rather than the calm strength of a great people filled with the spirit of God."

We are further disposed to admit that any attempt to trace a direct line of progress from the Old Testament to the New through the Apocrypha would be vain and misleading. There is undoubtedly development in these uncanonical books, but it is not on the right lines, and the continuity of the kingdom of God will be better understood, if we pass direct from the prophets to the evangelists than if we are sufficiently enamored of doctrines of historical evolution to endeavor to trace out the lines of progress by way of the writers of Judith and the Maccabees, or even of Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom.

In spite, however, of these very considerable admissions and others which we have not space to enumerate, we hold that the careful reading of the books of the Apocrypha is useful and valuable to every intelligent Bible-reader, and absolutely necessary to any one who claims to be a Bible-student. The reasons for this opinion can only be briefly stated. (1) It is no small gain to contrast for oneself the language of inspiration with that of mere pious composition. More will be learned

in a few hours concerning the real value of the Old Testament and the gulf which separates its books from those which come next to it in point of edification and instruction, by simply reading over the Apocryphal books than by mastering whole volumes of learned discussion concerning theories of inspiration. One perusal of the Apocryphal Gospels sheds a flood of light upon the work of the four Evangelists, as the sight of a vile daub enables one to appreciate better the picture of a great master upon the same subject. But this lesson is more fully impressed upon the reader of the Apocrypha because of (2) the direct testimony to Scripture which it presents. The language in which the "holy books" (1 Macc. xii. 9) are spoken of, and the way in which their writers are said to be under the influence of the Holy Spirit (1 Esdras i. 28; vi. 1; Ecclesiasticus xlviii. 24), is instructive. One of the most valuable references concerning the Old Testament canon is to be found in 2 Macc. ii. 13, where we read that Nehemiah "made a collection of books, the histories of the kings and the prophets, and of David, and the epistles of the kings" — *i.e.*, the proclamations of the Persian kings, as found in Nehemiah and Ezra.\*

Another reason for highly valuing these books is (3) the light they shed upon history, especially the history of religious thought. The period covered by them is one of those transitional epochs which it is particularly difficult to understand from a distance, and which can be illustrated by nothing better than contemporary documents, even though these are not always characterized by historical carefulness and accuracy. What a wonderful light has been shed upon the obscurity of the closing years of the first century of the Christian era by the discovery of the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles"! Even so our attempts to understand the closing centuries of Judaism, before the coming of him who at the same time "fulfilled" its aims and abrogated it as a system, would be poor indeed, had we not the Apocrypha to aid us. (4) The student of the New Testament especially would miss one of his chief side-lights had these books not been preserved. The very language of the New Testament is only intelligible to the reader of the Septuagint, and the history of some of its cardinal words — such as *ἀγαπή, συνείδησις, σοφία, πίστις, ὑπόστασις*, and

\* The passage is obscure and the language vague, but the indirect evidence of the verse is important.

others — cannot be considered as complete without the links furnished by their usage in these books.

It is not, however, a mere question of words. The doctrine of Wisdom in Ecclesiasticus and the Wisdom of Solomon sheds much light upon the first chapter of St. John's Gospel and other passages of the New Testament, and the teaching of these books on two cardinal topics — the resurrection and the Messianic hope — is of special importance to the student of the New Testament; but space will not permit of our digressing into these topics, as fascinating as they are important. There are, moreover, close parallels between the language of some of the books of the Apocrypha and the New Testament, which suggest interesting questions.\* Some of the most striking of these are between the Book of Wisdom and the Epistle to the Hebrews, and these are so considerable that Dean Plumptre has even contended that Apollos was the author of both books, the former before his conversion, the latter after he became a Christian (Expositor, vol. i., First Series). The striking phrase "effulgence of his glory" (Heb. i. 3), recalls Wisdom xii. 26, "effulgence of the everlasting light," and the rare word *πολυμερής* is found in both cases in close connection with the word *ἀπαύγασμα*; see Wisdom vii. 22; Heb. i. 1. Dean Plumptre has further worked out an interesting series of coincidences of expression between Ecclesiasticus and the Epistle of St. James; see his introduction to St. James in the "Cambridge Commentary." The language used in these two books concerning the use of the tongue is tolerably conclusive proof that the Apostle was acquainted with the writings of the son of Sirach.

Beyond and above what has been thus far adduced, there are no doubt portions of these books which even now may be read by Christians for edification, and scattered phrases from them have made their way into the current language of religion and are used by many who are ignorant of their origin. Dean Stanley draws attention to an interesting example of this from Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" (§ 62-65): —

In an affecting passage in his autobiography, John Bunyan relates how he was for a long period at once comforted and perplexed

by finding deep inward relief from words for which he vainly sought within the four corners of his Bible. "Look at the generations of old and see: did any ever trust in the Lord and was confounded?" "Then I continued," he says, "above a year and could not find the place; but at last, casting my eyes upon the Apocrypha books, I found it in Eccclus. ii. 10. This at the first did somewhat daunt me, because it was not in those texts that we call holy or canonical. Yet as this sentence was the sum and substance of the promises, it was my duty to take the comfort of it, and I bless God for that word, for it was of good to me. That word doth still oftentimes shine before my face." (See Jewish Church, iii. 229).

Dr. Salmon says: "In the present general neglect of the Apocrypha, young readers require a commentator to explain to them why Shylock should exclaim, "A Daniel come to judgment," or why Milton should describe Raphael as the "affable archangel." Of those who quote the saying *Magna est veritas et prævalebit*, probably a majority could not tell whence it was derived" (Introd., p. xxxvi.). We may add that probably few could tell whence the mention of our "ignorances" in the Litany is drawn, or refer to the original of the phrase in the collect for Good Friday, "who hatest nothing that thou hast made;" or of the words of Handel's anthem, "His body is buried in peace, but his soul liveth forevermore;" and among followers of John Wesley who sing, —

Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize  
What thou hast bought so dear;

or

Jesu, Lover of my soul;

not many would be able to point to the passage in which the exact phrase "lover of souls" was first used. The writer well remembers when a boy coming upon a passage in the writings of Cardinal Newman, evidently a quotation, striking both to the ear and the imagination, which read as if it came from the Bible, but could not be found there. Not till some years afterwards was it discovered that from the Book of Ecclesiasticus came the impressive words concerning Wisdom and her disciple: "For at the first she will walk with him by crooked ways, and bring fear and dread upon him, and torment him with her discipline, until she may trust his soul and try him by her laws. Then will she return the straight way unto him and comfort him, and show him her secrets." Many another memorable saying will be found within the compass of these Apocryphal books, which have, first and last, exercised an indirect influence upon

\* A considerable number of these is given by Dr. Salmon in his General Introduction, pp. xli., xlii. A still fuller list is given by Bleek, Studien und Kritiken, 1855.

Christian life and literature of no slight importance.

The books included in the commentary before us are — 1 and 2 Esdras, Tobit, Judith, additions to Esther, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch with the Epistle of Jeremiah, the Song of the Three Children, the Story of Susanna, Bel and the Dragon, the Prayer of Manasses, and 1 and 2 Maccabees. This corresponds with the list of the Septuagint, except that in the latter 2 Esdras is not found, but a third book of Maccabees is added. This is due to the fact that the English Bible follows the Vulgate, and 2 Esdras does not exist in any Greek version, but was admitted into the Vulgate from a Latin translation, while 3 Maccabees was not found in the Vulgate, having indeed been first translated into Latin in the sixteenth century. There are, however, other Jewish apocryphal books of equal value to some of these for historical purposes, amongst which may be mentioned the Psalms of Solomon, the Assumption of Moses, the Book of Enoch, the Book of Jubilees, the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs, the Fourth Book of Maccabees, till lately included in the works of Josephus, and certain parts of the Sibylline oracles.

The distinction thus drawn between two classes of apocryphal writings is not a scientific one. It is indeed ecclesiastical, and marks out merely such books as have and such as have not had a kind of deuterocanonical sanction by being included in the Græco-Jewish and Christian Bibles. For the study of the period a better arrangement would be to divide the whole into Palestinian-Jewish and Græco-Jewish literature. This is the division adopted by Schürer, in whose "History of the Jewish People in the Time of Christ" a full account of all these books will be found (vol. iii., English translation, Clark's edition). Dr. Salmon's position in accounting for the selection of books included in the present commentary, is thus stated: —

These are not the only pre-Christian writings which may be studied with advantage in order to trace the progress of the Jewish people. Some materials for the study have indeed only recently come to light. The Book of Enoch has special claims on our attention; and there are some of the so-called Sibylline verses which are certainly pre-Christian, and which may be used to illustrate the history of Messianic expectations. But though a larger collection of Jewish apocrypha would certainly not be without interest, it would be hard to keep it within moderate limits, and whatever acceptance other apocrypha may have met

with in Jewish circles, the books included in the present volumes have enjoyed a consideration in the Christian Church to which no others can lay claim. (General Introduction, p. xlii.)

It is beyond the scope of the present article to enter into any detailed description of the various Apocryphal books. They include historical works, such as 1 and 2 Maccabees and 1 Esdras; quasi-prophetical writings, as Baruch and the Epistle of Jeremiah; pious and edifying fiction, such as Tobit and Judith; and what may be called philosophico-religious writings, as Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom. Some were probably first written in Hebrew, but in no case have Hebrew originals come down to us. "Ecclesiasticus," says Dr. Edersheim, in his introduction, "unquestionably originated in Palestine and was written in Hebrew; according to some (though erroneously) in Chaldee or Aramaic." The first book of Maccabees was probably translated from the Hebrew; indeed the very name "Sarbeth Sarbaniel" is given by Origen; and Jerome, in his "Prologus Galeatus," tells us that he was acquainted with a Hebrew text which he evidently regarded as the original. Judith and a part of Baruch were also probably written in Hebrew, but all the remainder were composed in Greek. The dates of individual books are necessarily surrounded with a good deal of uncertainty, but the earliest of them cannot be placed earlier than the beginning or middle of the third century B.C. This leaves a long interval between it and the Book of Malachi, extending over nearly two centuries, while the date of the latest brings us down to the beginning of our own era.

It will be clear from what has been said that there is a great difference between these books as regards their literary and moral worth. The First Book of Esdras — called the Third Book in the Vulgate and the sixth article of the Prayer-Book — is little more than a reproduction of parts of 2 Chronicles, Ezra, and Nehemiah. The Second Book of Esdras — more usually called the Fourth Book — really consists of three parts, one containing the body of the work, chapters iii.-xiv., written by a Jew and consisting of a series of apocalyptic visions; the preface, chapters i. and ii., and the concluding chapters xv. and xvi., sometimes reckoned apart as the Fifth Book of Esdras, were probably written by Christians. The latter portion was apparently written during a time of persecution, and contains prophecies of God's wrath upon the wicked.

Mr. Lupton, who writes the commentary upon this book, places the dates of chapters xv. and xvi. as almost certainly about 260 A.D., and chapters i. and ii. probably somewhat earlier.

The Book of Tobit was probably written by a Babylonian Jew, and gives what is on the whole a pleasing picture of the life of the Jews in Babylon. In form it is a story with an obvious moral, but it is not clear whether it was intended to be read as literal fact. Luther says: "Is it history? Then is it a holy history. Is it fiction? Then is it a truly beautiful, wholesome, and profitable fiction, the performance of a gifted poet." It presents a wholesome teaching concerning family life, simple piety towards God, and the duty of almsgiving, but it is marred by the foolish and superstitious angelology and demonology, which developed so rapidly and became so rife amongst the Jews during the next centuries. The story of the spirit that cannot bear the smell of the burned liver of a fish, is not edifying. Mr. Fuller gives an interesting excursus upon Jewish angelology and demonology in connection with his commentary.

Judith cannot be in any sense historical. It appears to refer to a period subsequent to the Jewish captivity, yet the invaders are spoken of as Assyrians, and this contradiction, as Mr. Ball says, "is inexplicable on the assumption that the book is a literal history. And when it is added that, on the most favorable construction, the account of the campaigns of Holofernes bristles with political, geographical, and strategical impossibilities, we see at once that we have to do with a fiction, not a sober chronicle of bygone events." The authenticity of the story has been defended by some, including Prideaux, in his "Connection of the Old and New Testaments," but it seems clear that the writer did not wish it to be understood literally, but intended to encourage the Jews in a time of national peril by a story recalling deliverances of the past. Mr. Ball, in his introduction, calls the book "a historical novel, ostensibly founded upon records of the elder past, but essentially depending upon recollections of the age immediately preceding that of the author."

The additions to the Book of Esther profess to complete details and fill up omissions in the canonical Book of Esther, and they give a somewhat more directly religious tone to that narrative, in which, as is well known, the name of God does not occur. Some critics claim for

these additions a Hebrew original and an early date, but most modern scholars, including Mr. Fuller in this commentary, hold them to be decidedly unauthentic. The date of Baruch is doubtful and complicated with questions concerning the unity of the book. It professes to be written by Baruch, the contemporary of Jeremiah, and consists of the prayers and confessions of exiled Jewish captives, with encouraging promises addressed to them. The Epistle of Jeremy purports to be a copy of a letter sent by Jeremiah to the Jews who were about to be carried captive by Nebuchadnezzar, and contains a long address on the vanity of idols, partly founded upon Jerem. x. 1-15.

There are three additions in the Apocrypha to the Book of Daniel. The first of these is the so-called Song of the Three Children, Hananiah, Azariah, and Mishael, when cast into the fiery furnace. It consists of a kind of paraphrase of Psalm cxlviii., was used as a hymn in the later Jewish Church, and is known to modern English readers by its appearance in the form of Morning Prayer of the Church of England, under its Latin name *Benedicite*. The second is the history of Susanna, the contents of which purport to refer to the time of Daniel's youth, and are an encouragement to purity of life; while the third is the legendary story of Bel and the Dragon, which some have thought was written as a fable, while others have styled it a "humorous satire." Dr. Edersheim, in his "Life of Christ," (i. 31), says: "More withering sarcasm could scarcely be poured on heathenism than in the Apocryphal story of Bel and the Dragon, or in the so-called Epistle of Jeremy, with which the Book of Baruch closes." It is only as a fragment indicating a phase of national and religious Jewish thought, that it possesses any value to-day. The Prayer of Manasses should be read in connection with 2 Chron. xxxiii. 1-20, but into the whole subject of Manasses' repentance and conversion, which have been questioned by some critics, we cannot now enter.

The two books of the Maccabees vary in style. The first is the more important, and contains a sober narrative of facts, much more like the chronicles of Scripture history, and with less exaggeration and coloring than is usual in these Apocryphal books. The two books contain an account of the sufferings and heroic struggles of the Jews during the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, the first book describing the events from B.C. 175-135; and the

second, which is marked by rhetorical exaggeration and by no means pleasing exuberance of style, concentrates attention upon the period B.C. 175-161. Canon Rawlinson, who has undertaken these books, dates the composition of 1 Maccabees from B.C. 113-106, while he places the second book some thirty years later.

We have reserved till now the two books best worth attention — Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus. Archdeacon Farrar's treatment of the former book is, as might be expected, graphic and interesting. It is not, however, always accurate in details,\* and is somewhat overloaded with illustration. The description of the work given in Dr. Farrar's introduction contains a mass of detail, ably and attractively arranged. The author was evidently an Alexandrian Jew, versed in the Hebrew Scriptures and in Greek philosophy. In his work are found traces both of Stoic and Platonic elements, while there are distinct marks of Egyptian local coloring. Archdeacon Farrar pronounces that the author certainly could not have been a Christian, but inclines to a comparatively late date for the book: "The impression left on the mind of the present writer is that the book was composed in the Roman epoch, and by an author who was familiar with the speculations of Philo, but regarded them from a completely independent point of view. It is certainly possible, and in my opinion probable, that it was written in the decade after the death of Christ" (i. pp. 421-2).

The most interesting feature about this book lies in its connection with, and indirect preparation for, the doctrines of Christianity. St. James had probably read it, the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews was undoubtedly acquainted with it, and Ewald says of its author: "In the nervous energy of his proverbial style, and in the depth of his representation, we have a premonition of St. John, and in the conception of heathenism a preparation for St. Paul, like a warm rustle of the spring ere its time is fully come" (History of Israel, v. 484, Eng. Tr.). Many parts of the New Testament, especially the Epistle to the Hebrews, receive additional light from a reference to passages of this book, the lofty religious philosophy of which may be illustrated by the quotation

of a part of what is or ought to be its well-known description of wisdom.

For Wisdom is more moving than any motion: she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness. For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty: therefore can no defiled thing fall into her. For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness. And being but one, she can do all things; and, remaining in herself, she maketh all things new; and in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God and prophets (vii. 24-27).

Perhaps the most interesting of all the extra-canonical Jewish writings is the "ecclesiastical book" *par excellence*, recognized as such by its name, Ecclesiasticus, from the outset of its history in the Christian Church — the Wisdom of Joshua, son of Sira, or, as in Greek he is called, Jesus, son of Sirach. It is the only book of the Apocrypha whose author we know by name, and two prologues, added later, give us more or less authentic evidence concerning his history. According to this account he was an Alexandrian Jew, and composed in the Hebrew language the book before us, which was translated into Greek and published by his grandson somewhere between B.C. 170 and 117. The interest of the book consists largely in its position as forming an intellectual link between the "Wisdom-writings" of the Old Testament and the fully developed Hellenism of a later date. The high spiritual tone of the canonical books is indeed absent; but, says Dr. Edersheim, in the very able and comprehensive introduction he has prefixed to his commentary: "We are in the presence of new questions originating from contact with a wider world, and we find them answered in a manner which in one direction would lead up to Jewish-Alexandrian theology, while the book itself is still purely Palestinian. From one aspect, therefore, it may be described as Palestinian theosophy before Alexandrian Hellenism. From another aspect it represents an orthodox, but moderate and cold, Judaism — before there were either Pharisees or Sadducees; before these two directions assumed separate form under the combined influence of political circumstances and theological controversies. In short, it contains as yet undistinguished and mostly in germ all the elements developed in the later history of Jewish religious thinking. If we would know what a cultured, liberal, and yet gen-

\* Amongst several errors, owing apparently to haste, we mention one only. In the note on xvii. 11, Dr. Farrar quotes Euripides, Orest. 396, as an authority for the use of *συνειδητός*. The word actually used is *συνετός*. The mistake has arisen from unverified and hasty use of Cremer's references.

vine Jew had thought and felt in view of the great questions of the day; if we would gain insight into the state of public opinions, morals, society, and even of manners at that period — we find the materials for it in the Book of Ecclesiasticus" (ii. 2). We may mention, as well deserving of study side by side with Dr. Edersheim's full discussion of Ecclesiasticus as a late specimen of the *Chokmah* literature, Dr. Cheyne's chapters on the subject in his "Job and Solomon" (pp. 179-198). Canon Cheyne approaches the subject from another standpoint, but gives an interesting and instructive picture of this latter-day sage, who knew that his lot had fallen in a period of spiritual decline, and who says of himself: "I awaked up last of all as one that gathereth after the grape-gatherers; by the blessing of the Lord I profited, and filled my winepress like a gatherer of grapes" (Ecclus. xxxiii. 16).

The general moral tone of Ecclesiasticus is never very lofty, at times it is certainly low, not at all above the level of what might be called worldly shrewdness. The low opinion of women held by the writer frequently breaks out in such sayings as this: "From garments cometh a moth, and from women wickedness" (xlii. 13). The beginning of rabbinism is clearly to be discerned here and there, and the germ of the contempt subsequently felt by the Pharisees for "this people that knoweth not the law," appears, as in the verse, "How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough and whose talk is of bullocks?" On the other hand, the praise of wisdom in chap. i., and the noble apostrophe in chap. xxiv., present a very different picture, and maxims are found which exhibit more than mere worldly prudence, and are true for all time: "Be not ashamed concerning thy soul; for there is a shame that bringeth sin, and there is a shame which is glory and grace." "Be not ashamed to confess thy sins, and force not the course of the river." It has been said that the whole structure of Butler's "Analogy" is raised upon one frequently quoted verse of the Son of Sirach: "All things are double one against another, and he hath made nothing imperfect." This ought, however, by all means, to be read in connection with the next verse, which completes the thought: "One thing establisheth the good of another, and who shall be filled with beholding His glory?" (xlii. 24, 25).

Here we must close, having barely skirted the confines of a large subject. The deeper study of the problems raised

by these books, particularly by the almost entire absence in them of any mention of the Messianic hope, must be left untouched. It has been our object to draw attention to books the study of which is too generally neglected in this country, especially by Nonconformists, and which ministers at least should be ashamed not to know. It will have been seen that we do not estimate very highly the moral benefit to be derived from a perusal of the Apocryphal books, and we are disposed to agree with Canon Cheyne when he writes of the noblest and best of them, "The chief value of the book is, historically, to fill out the picture of a little-known period, and, doctrinally, to show the inadequacy of the old forms of religious belief and the moral distress from which the Christ was a deliverer."

There is only one word of truth which makes wise unto salvation, only one Saviour of men, and of him these books have almost absolutely no hint to give, no hope to express. But from the slight eminence afforded by them the height and grandeur of the everlasting hills of old and new covenant teaching can be more distinctly seen, more fully appreciated. Every student of the Apocrypha has a better understanding both of the Old and New Testaments than one who has not even taken the trouble to read it; it furnishes illustrations, side-lights, and helps to interpretation which can be found nowhere else, and allusions to the history and memorable utterances contained in it are scattered throughout the whole course of Christian literature. Increasing facilities are being afforded to all who desire to read and understand these uncanonical books for themselves. We believe that to Dr. Moulton and other members of the New Testament Revision Company has been entrusted the task of preparing a revised translation; and, meanwhile, we feel the more free to urge the judicious study of these books on the part of all who know their Bibles well and wish to know them better, because such an excellent companion to this study is now furnished in the two carefully prepared volumes of the "Speaker's Commentary."

From Longman's Magazine.

#### THE LAST OF THE COSTELLOS.

AFTER several years' service on the staff of a great daily newspaper in San Francisco, Gerald French returned to his

home in Ireland to enjoy a three months' vacation. A brief visit, when the time consumed in travelling was deducted, and the young journalist, on this January afternoon, realized that it was nearly over, and that his further stay in the country of his birth was now to be reckoned by days.

He had been spending an hour with his old friend Dr. Lynn, and the clergyman accompanied him to the foot of the rectory lawn, and thence, through a wicket gate that opened upon the churchyard, along the narrow path among the graves. It was an obscure little country burying-ground, and very ancient. The grass sprang luxuriant from the mouldering dust of three hundred years; for so long at least had these few acres been consecrated to their present purpose.

"Well, I won't go any further," says Dr. Lynn, halting at the boundary wall, spanned by a ladder-like flight of wooden steps which connected the churchyard with the little bye-road. "I'll say good evening, Gerald, and assure you I appreciate your kindness in coming over to see a stupid old man."

"I would not hear thine enemy say that," quoted Gerald with a light laugh. "I hope to spend another day as pleasantly before I turn my back on old Ireland." He ran up the steps as he spoke and stood on the top of the wall, looking back to wave a last greeting before he descended. Suddenly he stopped.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing down among the graves.

The rector turned, but the tall grass and taller nettles concealed from him the object, whatever it might be, which Gerald had seen from his temporary elevation.

"It looks like a coffin," and coming rapidly down again the young man pushed his way through the rank growth. The clergyman followed.

In a little depression between the mounds of two graves lay a plain coffin of stained wood. It was closed, but an attempt to move it showed that it was not empty. A nearer inspection revealed that the lid was not screwed down in the usual manner, but hastily fastened with nails. Dr. Lynn and Gerald looked at each other. There was something mysterious in the presence of this coffin above ground.

"Has there been a funeral—interrupted—or anything of that kind?" asked Gerald.

"Nothing of the sort. I wish Bolan were here. He might have something to say about it."

Bolan was the sexton. Gerald knew where he lived, within a stone's throw of the spot, and volunteered to fetch him. Dr. Lynn looked all over the sinister black box, but no plate or mark of any kind rewarded his search. Meanwhile, young Ffrench sped along the lower road to Bolan's house.

The sexton was in; just preparing for a smoke in company with the local blacksmith, when Gerald entered with the news of the uncanny discovery in the churchyard. Eleven young Bolans, grouped around the turf fire, drank in the intelligence and instantly scattered to spread the report in eleven different directions. A tale confided to the Bolan household was confided to rumor.

Blacksmith and sexton rose together and accompanied Gerald to the spot where he had left Dr. Lynn, but Dr. Lynn was no longer alone. The rector had heard steps in the road; it was a constabulary patrol on its round, and the old gentleman's hail had brought two policemen to his side. There they stood, profoundly puzzled and completely in the dark, except for the light given by their bull's-eye lanterns. But the glare of these lanterns had been seen from the road. Some people shunned them, as lights in a graveyard should always be shunned; but others, hearing voices, had suffered their curiosity to overcome their misgivings, and were gathered around, silent, open-mouthed, wondering. So stood the group when Gerald and his companions joined it.

In reply to general questions Bolan was dumb. In reply to particular interrogations he did not hesitate to admit that he was "clane bate." Gerald, seeing that no one had ventured to touch the grim casket, hinted that it would be well to open it. There was a dubious murmur from the crowd and a glance at the constables as the visible representatives of the powers that be. The officers tightened their belts and seemed undecided, and Dr. Lynn took the lead with a clear, distinct order. "Take off the lid, Andy," he said.

"An' why not? Isn't his riverince a magisthrate? Go in, Andy, yer sowl ye, and off wid it." Thus the crowd.

So encouraged, the blacksmith stepped forward. Without much difficulty he burst the insecure fastenings and removed the lid. The constables turned their bull's-eyes on the inside of the coffin. The crowd pressed forward, Gerald in the front rank.

There was an occupant. A young girl, white with the pallor of death, lay under

the light of the lanterns. The face was as placid and composed as if she had just fallen asleep, and it was a handsome face with regular features and strongly defined black eyebrows. The form was fully dressed, and the clothes seemed expensive and fashionable. A few raven locks straggled out from beneath a lace scarf which was tied around the head. The hands, crossed below the breast, were neatly gloved. There she lay, a mystery, for not one of those present had ever seen her face before.

Murmurs of wonder and sympathy went up from the bystanders. "Ah, the poor thing!" "Isn't she purty?" "So young, too!" "Musha, it's the beautiful angel she is be this time."

"Does any one know her?" asked the rector; and then, as there was no reply, he put a question that was destined for many a day to agitate the neighborhood of Drim, and ring through the length and breadth of Ireland — "How did she come here?"

The investigation made at the moment was unsatisfactory. The grass on all sides had been trampled and pressed down by the curious throng, and such tracks as the coffin-bearers had made were completely obliterated. It was clearly a case for the coroner, and when that official arrived and took charge the crowd slowly dispersed.

The inquest furnished no new light. Medical testimony swept away the theory of murder, for death was proved to have resulted from organic disease of the heart. The coffin might have been placed where it was found at any time within thirty-six hours, for it could not be shown that any one had crossed the churchyard path since the morning previous, and indeed a dozen might have passed that way without noticing that which Gerald had only discovered through the accident of having looked back at the moment that he mounted the wall. Still, it did not seem likely that an object of such size could have lain long unnoticed, and the doctors were of opinion that the woman had been alive twenty-four hours before her body was found.

In the absence of suspicion of any crime — and the medical examination furnished none — interest centred in the question of identity; and this was sufficiently puzzling.

The story got into the newspapers — into the Dublin papers; afterwards into the great London journals, and was widely discussed under the title of "The Drim Churchyard Mystery," but all this pub-

licity and a thorough investigation of the few available clues led to nothing. No one was missing; widely distributed photographs of the deceased found no recognition; and the quest was finally abandoned even in the immediate neighborhood. The unknown dead slept beneath the very sod on which they had found her.

Gerald Ffrench, who, like most good journalists, had a strongly developed detective instinct, alone kept the mystery in mind and worked at it incessantly. He devoted the few remaining days of his stay in Ireland to a patient, systematic inquiry, starting from the clues that had developed at the inquest. He had provided himself with a good photograph of the dead girl, and a minute, carefully written description of her apparel, from the lace scarf which had been wound round her head to the dainty little French boots on her feet. The first examination had produced no result. Railway officials and hotel-keepers, supplied with the photographs, could not say that they had ever seen the original in life. Even the coffin, a cheap, ready-made affair, could be traced to no local dealer in such wares. A chate-laine bag, slung around the waist of the dead girl, had evidently been marked with initials, for the leather showed the holes in which the letters had been fastened, and the traces of the knife employed in their hurried removal. But the pretty feminine trifle was empty now, and in its present condition had nothing to suggest save that a determined effort had been made to hide the identity of the dead. The linen on the corpse was new and of good material, but utterly without mark. Only a handkerchief which was found in the pocket bore a coat of arms exquisitely embroidered on the corner. The shield showed the head and shoulders of a knight with visor closed, party per fess on counter vair. Gerald, whose smattering of heraldry told him so much, could not be sure that the lines of the embroidery properly indicated the colors of the shield; but he was sanguine that a device so unusual would be recognized by the learned in such matters, and, having carefully sketched it, he sent a copy to the Herald's College, preserving the original drawing for his own use. The handkerchief itself, with the other things found on the body, was of course beyond his reach.

The answer from the Herald's College arrived a day or two before the approaching close of his vacation forced Gerald to leave Ireland, but the information fur-

nished served only to make the mystery deeper.

The arms had been readily recognized from his sketch, and the college, in return for his fee, had furnished him with an illuminated drawing, showing that the embroidery had been accurate. The shield was party per fess, argent above, azure below. From this Gerald concluded that the handkerchief had been marked by some one accustomed to blazonries; he thought it likely that the work had been done in a French convent. The motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, appeared below. The bearings and cognizance were those of the noble family of Costello, which had left Ireland about the middle of the seventeenth century and had settled in Spain. The last representative had fallen some sixty years ago at the battle of Vittoria, in the Peninsular war, and the name was now extinct. So pronounced the unimpeachable authority of the Herald's College.

And yet Gerald had seen those very arms embroidered on a handkerchief which had been found in the pocket of a nameless girl, whose corpse he himself had been the first to discover some two weeks before, in the lonely little burying-ground at Drim. What was he to think? Through what strange, undreamed-of ramifications was this affair to be pursued?

The day before his departure, Ffrench walked over to the rectory to say good-bye to Dr. Lynn. Gerald knew that the rector was an authority in county history, and thought it possible that the old gentleman could tell him something about the Costellos, a name linked with many a Westmeath tradition. He was not disappointed, and the mystery he was investigating took on a new interest from what he heard. The Costellos had been one of the midland chieftains in Cromwell's time; the clan had offered the most determined resistance, and it had been extirpated root and branch by the Protector. The Ffrench estate of Ballyvore had once formed portion of the Costello property, and had been purchased by Gerald's ancestor from the Cromwellian Puritan to whom it had been granted on confiscation.

The young man was now deeply interested in the inquiry, and to it he devoted every moment of the time he could still call his own.

But the last day of Gerald's visit slipped away without result, and one fine morning Larry, his brother's servant, drove him into Athlone to take the train for Queens-

"Ye'll not be lettin' another six years go by without comin' home agen, will ye, sir?" said the groom, who was really concerned at Gerald's departure.

"I don't know," answered Gerald; "it all depends. Say, Larry!"

"Sir!"

"Keep an eye out, and if anything turns up about that dead girl, let me know, won't you?" Ffrench had already made a similar request of his brother, but he was determined to leave no chance untried.

"An' are ye thinkin' of that yet, an' you goin' to America?" said Larry with admiring wonder.

"Of course I'm thinking of it. I can't get it out of my head," replied Gerald impatiently.

"Well, well! d'ye mind that now?" said the groom meditatively. "Well, sir, if anything does turn up, I'll let ye know, never fear; but sure she's underground now, an' if we'd been goin' to larn anything about the matter, we'd ha' had it long ago."

Gerald shook hands with the faithful Larry at parting, and left a sovereign in his palm.

The groom watched the train moving slowly out of the station.

"It's a mortal pity to see a fine young jintleman like that so far gone in love with a dead girl."

This was Larry's comment on his young master's detective tastes.

At Queenstown Ffrench bought a paper and looked over it while the tender was carrying him, in company with many a weeping emigrant, to the great steamer out in the bay. From time to time the journals still contained references to the subject which was uppermost in Gerald's thoughts. The familiar words, "The Drim Churchyard Mystery," caught his eye, and he read a brief paragraph, which had nothing to say except that all investigations had failed to throw any light on the strange business.

"Ay, and will fail," he mused, as the tender came alongside the steamer; "at any rate, if anything is found out it won't be by me, for I shall be in California, and I can scarcely run across any clues there."

And yet, as Gerald paced the deck, and watched the bleak shores of Cork fading in the distance, his thoughts were full of the banished Costellos, and he wondered with what eyes those exiles had looked their last on the Old Head of Kinsale a quarter of a millennium ago. Those fierce old chieftains, to whom the Ffrenches —

proud county family as they esteemed themselves—were but as mushrooms; what lives had they lived, what deaths had they died, and how came their haughty cognizance, so well expressing its defiant motto, on the handkerchief of the nameless stranger who slept in Drim churchyard—Drim, the old, old graveyard; Drim that had been fenced in as God's acre in the days of the Costellos themselves? Was it mere chance that had selected this spot as the last resting-place of one who bore the arms of the race? Was it possible the girl had shared the Costello blood?

Gerald glanced over his letter from the Heralds' College and shook his head. The family had been extinct for more than sixty years.

About two months after Gerald's return to California a despatch was received from the *Evening Mail's* regular correspondent in Marysville, relating the particulars of an encounter between the Mexican holders of a large ranch in Yuba County and certain American land-grabbers who had set up a claim to a portion of the estate. The matter was in course of adjudication in the Marysville courts, but the claimants, impatient at the slow process of the law, had endeavored to seize the disputed land by force. Shots had been fired, blood had been spilled, and the whole affair added nothing to Yuba County's reputation for law and order. The matter created some talk in San Francisco, and the *Evening Mail*, among other papers, expressed its opinion in one of those trenchant personal articles which are the spice of Western journalism. Two or three days later, when the incident had been almost forgotten in the office, the city editor sent for Gerald Ffrench.

"Ffrench," said that gentleman, as the young man approached his desk, "I've just received a letter from Don Miguel y—y—something or other. I can't read his whole name, and it don't matter much. It's Vincenza, you know, the owner of that ranch where they had the shooting scrape the other day. He is anxious to make a statement of the matter for publication, and has come down to the Bay on purpose. Suppose you go and see what he has to say? He's staying at the Lick."

The same morning Gerald sent up his card and was ushered into the apartment of Don Miguel Vincenza at the Lick House.

The señor was a young man, not much older than Gerald himself. He had the appearance and manners of a gentleman.

as Ffrench quickly discovered, and he spoke fluent, well-chosen English with scarcely a trace of accent, a circumstance for which the interviewer felt he could not be sufficiently grateful.

"Ah, you are from the *Evening Mail*," said the young Spaniard, rising as Gerald entered; "most kind of you to come, and to come so promptly. Won't you be seated? Try a cigar. No? You'll excuse me if I light a cigarette. I want to make myself clear, and I'm always clearest when I'm in a cloud." He gave a little laugh, and with one twirl of his slender fingers he converted a morsel of tissue paper and a pinch of tobacco into a compact roll, which he lighted, and exhausted in half-a-dozen puffs as he spoke.]

"This man, this Jenkinson's claim is perfectly preposterous," he began, "but I won't go into that. The matter is before the courts. What I want to give you is a true statement of that unfortunate affair at the ranch with which, I beg you to believe, I had nothing whatever to do."

Señor Vincenza's tale might have had the merit of truth; it certainly lacked that of brevity. He talked on, rolling a fresh cigarette at every second sentence, and Gerald made notes of such points as he considered important, but at the conclusion of the Spaniard's statement the journalist could not see that it had differed much from the published accounts, and he told the other as much.

"Well, you see," said Vincenza, "I am in a delicate position. It is not as if I were acting for myself. I am only my sister's agent—my half-sister's, I should say—poor little Catalina;" and the speaker broke off with a sigh and rolled a fresh cigarette before he resumed. "It's her property, all of it, and I cannot bear to have her misrepresented in any way."

"I understand," said Gerald, making a note of the fact. "The property, I suppose, passed to your sister from —"

"From her father. I was in the land of the living some years before he met and wooed and won my widowed mother. They are both dead now, and Catalina has none but myself to look out for her, except distant relatives on the father's side, who will inherit the property if she dies unmarried, and whom she cordially detests."

Gerald was not particularly romantic, but the idea of this fair young Spaniard, owner of one of the finest ranches in Yuba County, unmarried, and handsome too, if she were anything like her brother, inflamed his imagination a little. He shook hands cordially with the young man as he

rose to go, and could not help wishing they were better acquainted.

"You may be sure I will publish your statement exactly as you have given it to me, and as fully as possible," said Gerald. Before the young heiress had been mentioned, the journalist had scarcely seen material enough in the interview for a paragraph.

It is fair to presume that Señor Vincenza was satisfied with the treatment he received in the *Evening Mail*, for a polite note conveyed to Ffrench the expression of his thanks. So that incident passed into the limbo of forgetfulness, though Gerald afterwards took more interest in the newspaper paragraphs, often scant enough, which told of the progress of the great land case in the Marysville courts.

A curt despatch, worded with that exasperating brevity which is a peculiarity of all but the most important telegrams, wound up the matter with an announcement that a decision had been reached in favor of the defendant, and that Mr. Isaac Hall, of the law firm of Hall and McGowan, had returned to San Francisco, having conducted the case to a successful issue. Gerald was pleased to hear that the young lady had been sustained in her rights, and determined to interview Mr. Hall, with whom he was well acquainted. Accordingly, after two or three unsuccessful attempts, he managed to catch the busy lawyer with half an hour's spare time on his hands, and well enough disposed to welcome his young friend.

"Mr. Hall," said Gerald, dropping into the spare chair in the attorney's private room, "I want to ask you a few questions about that Marysville land case."

"Fire ahead, my boy; I can give you twenty minutes," answered the lawyer, who was disposed to make a great deal more of the victory he had won than the newspapers had hitherto done, and who was consequently by no means averse from an interview. "What do you want to know?"

"Hard fight, wasn't it?" said the journalist.

"Yes," replied Mr. Hall, "tough in a way; but we had right on our side as well as possession. A good lawyer ought always to win when he has those; to beat law and facts and everything else is harder scratching; though I've done that too," and the old gentleman chuckled as if well satisfied with himself.

"That's what your opponents had to do here, I suppose?" remarked Gerald, echoing the other's laugh.

"Pretty much, only they didn't do it," said the lawyer.

"I met Vincenza when he was down last month," pursued Gerald. "He seems a decentish sort of a fellow for a greaser."

"He's no greaser; he's a pure-blooded Castilian, and very much of the gentleman," answered Hall.

"So I found him," said Gerald. "I only used the 'greaser' as a generic term. He talks English as well as I do."

"That's a great compliment from an Irishman," remarked Mr. Hall with another chuckle.

"I suppose the sister's just as nice in her own way," went on Gerald, seeing an opportunity to satisfy a certain curiosity he had felt about the heiress since he first heard of her existence. "Did she make a good witness?"

"Who? What sister? What the deuce are you talking about?" asked the lawyer.

"Why, Vincenza's sister, half-sister, whatever she is. I understood from him that she was the real owner of the property."

"Oh, ay, to be sure," said Mr. Hall slowly; "these details escape one. Vincenza was my client; he acts for the girl under power of attorney, and really her name has hardly come up since the very beginning of the case."

"You didn't see her, then?" said Gerald, conscious of a vague sense of disappointment.

"See her?" repeated the lawyer. "No; how could I? She's in Europe for educational advantages—at a convent somewhere, I believe."

"Oh," said Gerald, "a child, is she? I had fancied, I don't know why, that she was a grown-up young lady."

"I couldn't tell you what her age is, but it must be over twenty-one or she couldn't have executed the power of attorney, and that was looked into at the start and found quite regular."

"I see," replied Gerald slowly; but the topic had started Mr. Hall on a fresh trail, and he broke in,—

"And it was the only thing in order in the whole business. Do you know we came within an ace of losing, all through their confounded careless way of keeping their papers?"

"How did they keep them?" inquired Gerald listlessly. The suit appeared to be a commonplace one, and the young man's interest began to wane.

"They didn't keep them at all," exclaimed Mr. Hall indignantly. "Fancy, the original deed—the old Spanish grant

— the very keystone of our case, was not to be found till the last moment, and then only by the merest accident, and where do you suppose it was?"

"I haven't an idea," answered Gerald, stifling a yawn.

"At the back of an old print of the Madonna. It had been framed and hung up as an ornament, I suppose, Heaven knows when; and by-and-by some smart Aleck came along and thought the mother and child superior as a work of art and slapped it into the frame over the deed, and there it has hung for ten years anyhow."

"That's really very curious," said Gerald, whose attention began to revive as he saw a possible column to be compiled on the details of the case that had seemed so uninteresting to his contemporaries.

"Curious! I call it sinful — positively wicked," said the old gentleman wrathfully. "Just fancy two hundred thousand dollars hanging on the accident of finding a parchment in such a place as that."

"How did you happen to find it?" asked Gerald. "I should never have thought of looking for it there."

"No; nor any other sane man," sputtered the lawyer, irritated, as he recalled the anxiety the missing deed had caused him. "It was found by accident, I tell you. Some blundering, awkward, heaven-guided servant knocked the picture down and broke the frame. The Madonna was removed, and the missing paper came to light."

"And that was the turning-point of the case. Very interesting indeed," said Gerald, who saw in the working out of this legal romance a bit of detective writing such as his soul loved. "I suppose they'll have sense enough to put it in a safer place next time?"

"I will, you may bet your life. I've taken charge of all the family documents; and if they get away from me, they'll do something that nothing's ever done before;" and the old lawyer chuckled with renewed satisfaction as he pointed to the massive safe in a corner of the office.

"So the deed is there, is it?" asked Gerald, following Mr. Hall's eyes.

"Yes, it's there. A curious old document too; one of the oldest grants I have ever come across. Would you like to see it?" and the lawyer rose and opened the safe.

It was a curious old document, drawn up in curious old Spanish, on an old discolored piece of parchment. The body of the instrument was unintelligible to

Ffrench, but down in one corner was something that riveted his attention in a moment and seemed to make his heart stand still.

There was a signature in old-fashioned, angular handwriting, Rodriguez Costello y Ugarte, and opposite to it a large, spreading seal. The impression showed a knight's head and shoulders in full armor, below it the motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," and a shield of arms, party per fess, azure below, argent above, counter vair on the argent. Point for point the identical blazonry which Ffrench had received from the Heralds' College in England — the shield that he had first seen embroidered on the dead girl's handkerchief at Drim.

"What's the matter with you? Didn't you ever see an old Spanish deed before, or has it any of the properties of Medusa's head?" inquired Mr. Hall, noticing Gerald's start of amazement and intent scrutiny of the seal.

"I've seen these arms before," said the young man slowly. "But the name —" He placed his finger on the signature. "Of course I knew Vincenza's name must be different from his half-sister's; but is that hers?"

"Ugarte? Yes," said the lawyer, glancing at the parchment.

"I mean the whole name," and Gerald pointed again.

"Costello!" Mr. Hall gave the word its Spanish pronunciation, "Costelyo," and it sounded strange and foreign in the young man's ears. "Costello, yes, I suppose so; but I don't try to keep track of more of these Spaniards' titles than is absolutely necessary."

"But Costello is an Irish name," said Gerald.

"Is it? You ought to know. Well, Costelyo is Spanish; and now, my dear boy, I must positively turn you out."

Gerald went straight home without returning to the office. He unlocked his desk, and took from it the two results of his first essay in detective craft. Silently he laid them side by side and scrutinized each closely in turn. The pale, set face of the beautiful dead, as reproduced by the photographer's art, told him nothing. He strove to trace some resemblance, to awaken some memory, by long gazing at the passionless features, but it was in vain. Then he turned to the illuminated shield. Every line was familiar to him, and a glance sufficed. It was identical in all respects with the arms on the seal. Of

this he had been already convinced, and his recollection had not betrayed him. Then he placed the two—the piteous photograph and the proud blazonry—in his pocket-book, and left the room. The same evening he took his place on the Sacramento train *en route* for Marysville. When Gerald reached San Luis, the post-office address of the Ugarte ranch, a disappointment awaited him. Evening was falling, and inquiry elicited the fact that Don Vincenza's residence was still twelve miles distant. Ffrench, after his drive of eighteen miles over the dusty road from Marysville, was little inclined to go further, so he put up his horse at a livery stable, resolved to make the best of such accommodations as San Luis afforded.

The face of the man who took the reins when Ffrench alighted seemed familiar. The young fellow looked closer at him, and it was evident the recognition was mutual, for the stableman accosted him by name, and in the broad, familiar dialect of western Leinster.

"May I niver ate another bit if it isn't Masther Gerald Ffrench!" he said. "Well, well, well, but it's good for sore eyes to see ye. Come out here, Steve, an' take the team. Jump down, Masther Gerald, an' stretch yer legs a bit. It's kilt ye are entirely."

A swarthy little Mexican appeared, and led the tired horses into the stable. Then the young journalist took a good look at the man who seemed to know him so well, and endeavored, as the phrase goes, to "place him."

"Ye don't mind me, yer honor, an' how wud ye? But I mind yersilf well. Sure it's often I've druv ye and Mr. Edward too. I used to wurruk for Mr. Ross of Mullingar. I was Denny the post-boy—Denis Driscoll, yer honor; sure ye must know me?"

"Oh yes, to be sure—I remember," said Gerald, as recollection slowly dawned upon him. "But who'd have thought of finding you in a place like this? I didn't even know you'd left Ross's stables."

"Six, sivin months ago, yer honor."

"And have you been here ever since? I hope you are doing well," said Gerald.

"I've since, sor, an' doin' finely, wid the blessin' o' God. I own that place," pointing to the stable, "an' four as good turnouts as ye'd ax to sit behind."

"I'm glad of it," said Gerald heartily. "I like to hear of the boys from the old neighborhood doing well."

"Won't ye step inside, sor, an' thry a

drop of something? Ye must be choked intirely wid the dust."

"I don't care if I do," answered Gerald. "I feel pretty much as if I'd swallowed a limekiln."

A minute later the two were seated in Denny's own particular room, where Gerald washed the dust from his throat with some capital bottled beer, while his host paid attention to a large demijohn which contained, as he informed the journalist in an impressive whisper, "close on to a gallon of the raal ould stuff."

Their conversation extended far into the night; but long before they separated Gerald induced Denny to despatch his Mexican helper, on a good mustang, to the Ugarte ranch, bearing to Señor Vincenza Mr. Ffrench's card, on which were pencilled the words: "Please come over to San Luis as soon as possible. Most important business."

For the tale told by the ex-postboy, his change of residence and present prosperity, seemed to throw a curious light on the Drim churchyard mystery.

Señor Vincenza appeared the following morning just as Gerald had finished breakfast. The ranchero remembered the representative of the *Evening Mail* and greeted him cordially, expressing his surprise at Gerald's presence in that part of the country. The Spaniard evidently imagined that this unexpected visit had some bearing on the recently decided lawsuit, but the other's first words dispelled the illusion.

"Señor Vincenza," Ffrench said, "I have heard a very strange story about your sister, and I have come to ask you for an explanation of it."

The young Spaniard changed color and looked uneasily at the journalist.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I do not understand you. My sister is in Europe."

"Yes," answered Gerald, "she is in Europe—in Ireland. She fills a nameless grave in Drim churchyard."

Vincenza leaped to his feet, and the cigarette he had lighted dropped from his fingers. They were in Gerald's room at the hotel, and the young man had placed his visitor so that the table was between them. He suspected that he might have to deal with a desperate man. Vincenza leaned over the narrow table, and his breath blew hot in Ffrench's face as he hissed, "Carrambo! What do you mean? How much do you know?"

"I know everything. I know how she

died in the carriage on your way from Mullingar; how you purchased a coffin and bribed the undertaker to silence; how you laid her, in the dead of night, among the weeds in the graveyard; how you cut her name from the chatelaine bag, and did all in your power to hide her identity, even carrying off with you the postboy who drove you and aided you to place her where she was found. Do you recognize that photograph? Have you ever seen that coat-of-arms before?" and Ffrench drew the two cards from his pocket and offered them to Vincenza.

The Spaniard brushed them impatiently aside and crouched for a moment as if to spring. Gerald never took his eyes off him, and presently the other straightened up, and, sinking into the chair behind him, attempted to roll a cigarette. But his hand trembled, and half the tobacco was spilled on the floor.

"You know a great deal, Mr. Gerald Ffrench. Do you accuse me of my sister's murder?"

"No," answered Gerald. "She died from natural causes. But I do accuse you of fraudulently withholding this property from its rightful owners and of acting on a power of attorney which has been cancelled by the death of the giver."

There was a moment's silence, broken only by a muttered oath from Vincenza as he threw the unfinished cigarette to the ground, and began to roll another, this time with better success. It was not till it was fairly alight that he spoke again.

"Listen to me, young man," he said "and then judge me as you hope to be judged hereafter—with mercy. My sister was very dear to me; I loved her, O God, how I loved her!" His voice broke, and Gerald, recalling certain details of Denny's narrative, felt that the Spaniard was speaking the truth. It was nearly a minute before Vincenza recovered his self-command and resumed.

"Yes, we were very dear to each other; brought up as brother and sister, how could we fail to be? But her father never liked me, and he placed restrictions upon the fortune he left her so that it could never come to me. My mother—our mother—had died some years before. Well, Catalina was wealthy; I was a pauper, but that made no difference while she lived. We were as happy and fond a brother and sister as the sun ever shone upon. When she came of age she executed the power of attorney that gave me the charge of her estate. She was anxious

to spend a few years in Europe. I was to take her over, and after we had travelled a little she was to go to a convent in France and spend some time there while I returned home. But she was one of the old Costellos, and she was anxious to visit the ancient home of her race. That was what brought us to Ireland."

"I thought the Costello family was extinct," said Gerald.

"The European branch has been extinct since 1813, when Don Lopez Costello fell at Vittoria; but the younger branch, which settled in Mexico towards the end of the eighteenth century, survived until a few months ago—until Catalina's death, in fact, for she was the last of the Costellos."

"I see," said Gerald; "go on."

"She was very proud of the name, poor Catalina, and she made me promise in case anything happened to her while we were abroad that she should be laid in the ancient grave of her race—in the churchyard of Drim. She had a weak heart, and she knew that she might die suddenly. I promised. And it was on our way to the spot she was so anxious to visit that death claimed her, only a few miles from the place where her ancestors had lived in the old days, and where all that remains of them has long mouldered to dust. So you see, Mr. Ffrench, that I had no choice but to lay her there."

"That is not the point," said Gerald; "why this secrecy? Why this flight? Dr. Lynn, I am sure, would have enabled you to obey your sister's request in the full light of day; you need not have thrown her coffin on the ground and left to strangers the task of doing for the poor girl the last duties of civilization." Gerald spoke with indignant heat, for this looked to him like the cruellest desertion.

"I know how it must seem to you," said Vincenza, "and I have no excuse to offer for my conduct but this. My sister's death would have given all she possessed to people whom she disliked. It would have thrown me, whom she loved, penniless on the world. I acted as if she were still living, and as I am sure she would have wished me to act; no defence, I know, in your eyes, but consider the temptation."

"And did you not realize that all this must come out some day?" asked Ffrench.

"Yes, but not for several years. Indeed, I cannot imagine how it is you have stumbled on the truth."

And Gerald, remembering the extraordinary chain of circumstances which had

led him to the root of the mystery, could not but acknowledge that, humanly speaking, Vincenza's confidence was justified.

"And now you have found this out, what use do you intend to make of it?" asked the Spaniard after a pause.

"I shall publish the whole story as soon as I return to San Francisco," answered Gerald promptly.

"So for a few hundred dollars, which is all that you can possibly get out of it, you will make a beggar of me."

"Right is right," said the young Irishman. "This property does not belong to you!"

"Will you hold your tongue—or your pen—for fifty thousand dollars?" asked the Spaniard eagerly.

"No, nor for every dollar you have in the world. I don't approve your practice and I won't share your plunder. I am sorry for you personally, but I can't help that. I won't oust you. I will make such use of the story as any newspaper man would make, and so I give you fair warning. You may save yourself if you can."

"Then you do not intend to communicate with the heirs?" began Vincenza eagerly.

"I neither know nor care who they are," interrupted Gerald. "I am not a detective, save in the way of my profession, and I shall certainly not tell what I have discovered to any individual till I give it to the press."

"And that will be?" asked the Spaniard.

"As soon as I return to San Francisco," answered Ffrench. "It may appear in a week or ten days."

"Thank you, señor; good morning," said Vincenza, rising and leaving the room.

Three days later Señor Miguel Vincenza sailed on the outgoing Pacific mail steamer bound for Japan and China. He probably took a considerable sum of money with him, for the heirs of Catalina Costello y Ugarte found the affairs of the deceased in a very tangled state, and the ranch was mortgaged for nearly half its value.

Gerald Ffrench's story occupied four pages of the next issue of the *Golden Fleeca*, and was widely copied and commented on over two continents. Larry, the groom at Ballyvore, read the account in his favorite Westmeath *Sentinel*, and as he laid the paper down exclaimed in wonder,—

"Begob, he found her!"

GEORGE H. JESSOP.

From Temple Bar.

## MONTAIGNE.

## II.

THE dramatic events and salient incidents in Montaigne's life are few and unimportant, but the circumstances which formed his character are of the highest interest. His father's disposition, ideas, and the training he imposed on the boy from earliest childhood, carry us into the very heart of the mental workshop, and show us the tools by which that masterly intellect was shaped. They are the material basis of the future structure. They give body and consistency to the thoughts and feelings scattered up and down the essays—those *disjecta membra* which, when gathered together, form the most complete mental portrait that can be made by words.

The mere skeleton of Montaigne's life is soon sketched out. He was born February 28, 1533, and was the third son of his father, Pierre Eyquem de Montaigne. The family originally came from the north—either from Flanders or England. Montaigne himself believed the latter. "C'est une nation," he says, "à laquelle ceux de mon quartier ont eu autrefois une si privée acquaintance qu'il reste encore en ma maison aucunes traces de notre ancien cousinage." In the time of Montaigne's grandfather the fortunes of the Eyquem family were brought to their highest point of worldly prosperity. The old patronymic with its rough northern echo was exchanged for that of Montaigne, when the enriched and ennobled merchant of Bordeaux bought the château of Saint-Michel de Montaigne, and took the name of the estate in exchange for his own. In 1565, Michel, the future immortal, married "Françoise de la Chassaigne," in conformity with custom rather than by natural inclination. By her he had six daughters, of whose names, numbers, and how many survived their first infancy, he was not always quite certain. He recorded the birth of the first two. The rest came in their order, and did not count. He was made chevalier of the Order of St. Michel by the command of Charles IX., and at the hands of Gaston de Foix. Five years later, Henri III. appointed him gentleman of his bed-chamber; and Henri of Navarre, the future Henri IV., honored him with courtesies and visits. On the first occasion Henri remained two days at the château, where he had never been before, served by Montaigne's people, without any of his own officers to watch or ward. He slept in

Montaigne's bed, and suffered neither *essai ny couvert*—that is, the tasting by the host of each dish before it was set before the guest, then instantly putting on the cover, which was fastened with a padlock. This was, of course, a precaution against poison. But that bravest, most manly, most faithful, and most loyal king who ever sat on the throne of France, knew where he could trust and who would not betray. And Michel de Montaigne was not of the race of traitors.

Before this, however, Montaigne had printed his translation of the "Théologie Naturelle" of Sebon, and the works of La Boétie. He had also been on his travels, visiting first the camp besieging La Fère, where was killed his great friend, the Comte de Grammont—he who was the husband of Diane de Louvigny, "la belle Corisande" of Andoins. Also he had been elected maire of Bordeaux in the place of the Maréchal de Biron. What splendor of great glory, yet so different in kind, hangs round the names of these two guardians of the public peace and administrators of civil law! In 1588, when fifty-four years of age, he made the personal acquaintance of Mademoiselle Marie de Gournay, then twenty-two, whose enthusiastic admiration for him had begun four years before; and in that same year, being ill at Paris with gout, he was taken prisoner by the insurgents and haled off to the Bastille. He was released that same evening. The experience, though short, was not pleasant; but to a philosopher all experiences are useful, and the book of life must needs have its hard passages to construe as well as those easy lines which are read while running. And on the "Ides of September," as one inscription has it, in the year of grace 1592, he died of what seems to have been a curable attack of quinsy, having lived a little over fifty-nine years and a half. He had intended, he says, to live to eighty.

The greatest event of all was the publication of his essays—of which the fifth edition, "augmented by the third book and six hundred additions," was published in one quarto volume, that same year of 1588—just three hundred years ago. The former issues were meagre and restricted, with not nearly the same number of quotations nor of pleasant divagations as we have in our present volumes. After Montaigne's death, in 1595, again another edition was published, containing a third more than the preceding; and to Marie de Gournay, the adopted daughter, was confided the editorship of the whole. She

did her work as well as she could, but, in spite of herself, was forced to make certain changes, "dans l'intention de rajeunir le style et de rendre l'ouvrage plus facile à lire." Yet she heads her edition with Montaigne's explicit "defence," which recalls Shakespeare's famous curse: "Si ce livre me survit, ie deffends à toute personne, telle qu'elle soit, d'y adiouster, diminuer, ny changer iamaïs aucune chose, soit aux mots ou en la substance, sous peine, à ceulx qui l'entreprendroient, d'estre tenus pour detestables aux yeux des gens d'honneur, comme violateurs d'un sepulchre innocent. . . . Les insolences, voire les meutres de reputation que ie voy tous les iours faire en cas pareil en cet impertinent siecle me convient à lascher cette imprecation."

"Traduttore, traditore," say the Italians. But Marie de Gournay was no literary Judas. According to her lights she did the best she knew for the man whom she had so faithfully loved, and whom she had worshipped as an intellectual god ever since she first read his essays when eighteen years old. And if public opinion was too strong for her, and forced her to make certain alterations in phrase and spelling, it was not that she failed in respect, literary or personal. Montaigne's love for her matched hers for him. "Ma fille d'alliance," he calls her; "et certes aimée de moy beaucoup plus que paternellement et enveloppée en ma retraicte et solitude comme l'une des meilleures parties de mon propre estre; ie ne regarde plus qu'elle au monde." Lucky Marie de Gournay! carried down to immortality on the skirts of her father-friend—like Nike on the hand of Zeus—and sharing in his glory by the reflected light of association and the echo of their mutual affection! Without him, who would have ever known of her works, herself, her history?

For her own share in the events of life, Marie remained unmarried, and died at the ripe age of eighty. She spent much time and money in seeking for the philosopher's stone, which was then held to be a possible discovery as perpetual motion is still held to be a possible achievement, and the squaring of the circle entangles ardent seekers after intellectual mare's-nests. For her latest lover she adored a cat, and submitted to a maidservant; and in her own person illustrated her father-friend's lamentations on old age and its decay.

Montaigne's father, Pierre, was apparently one of those who mould others to mental excellence rather than are them-

selves excellent in acquirement. Not a man of learning on his own account—Spanish and Italian being apparently the bulk of his educational wares—he appreciated learning in others, and specially wished his son Michel to inherit to the full all such advantages as the Renaissance had brought and bequeathed. And he had qualities which stood him in stead of book-learning—a strong character, a clear judgment, and that kind of *flair* which recognizes a social and commercial need, and supplies it. Thus, he was the first to establish offices where the buyer and the seller might meet to do business. “Je cherche à vendre des perles; je cherche des perles à vendre.” He was a silent man, humble, modest, decent, and God-fearing; faithful to his promise; truthful; in all respects a worthy citizen and conscientious father of a family. He was singularly orderly and methodical, as became the descendant of those successful men of business who had amassed a fortune, attained nobility, and kept a good name withal. He failed to transmit these qualities to his son, who, while praising his father’s care and order, laments his own “inexcusable and puerile idleness and negligence.” Nevertheless he defends his confidence in his servants, and upholds a little allowance even of their dishonesty. “Il faut laisser un peu de place à la desloyauté ou imprudence de vostre valet,” he says; “laissons le un peu plus courre à sa mercy: la portion du glanneur.” Though short, Pierre de Montaigne was full of vigor, straight as a dart, and well proportioned. He had a pleasant countenance, was rather dark than fair, and was perfect in the athletic exercises then in vogue. When sixty years of age he laughed at the slighter prowess of his sons, and, to shame and show them how a strong man should do, he would leap on his horse at a bound, encumbered as he was with his furred gown; run up-stairs two or three steps at a time; and go round the table on his thumb, not touching the ground with his feet; which last exploit somewhat reminds one of Sir William Hamilton’s favorite feat of hopping about the room on his back, coat-tails, ribbons and orders flying. Pierre was a man of perfectly chaste life and conversation. Queen Blanche might have owned him as her son. Like many old people who forget that, when they were young, they were not admitted behind the scenes, nor told the current scandals, he maintained the superiority of morals in his youth to those of his old age—for all that more liberty

of intercourse existed then between the sexes than did sixty years after. It might have been. Nations have periodic spells of morality alternated with others of *dévergondage*; and in spite of her licentiousness—the rule for many centuries now—France may well have had one brief era of rational freedom of intercourse and corresponding purity of behavior. Such as he was he, the father, seems to have been the governing influence in the house; and where Montaigne speaks often and at length of him, the mother is passed over in silence.

The education given to the boy was based on methods of personal tenderness and formal strictness, which is not the same as severity. Convinced that a language, to be thoroughly well understood, ought to be learned in infancy, Pierre gave his little son into the care of a German doctor who could not speak a word of French but who did speak good Latin. Two others, good Latinists but less learned men, were the less important aids. No one was allowed to speak to the child save in Latin, and father, mother, servants, etc., all learnt enough of the language to make themselves understood. “Somme,” says Montaigne, “nous nous latinizames tant qu’il se rengorgea iusques à nos villages tout autour, où il y a encores et ont prins pied par l’usage plusieurs appellations latines d’artisans et d’utils.”

He was six years old before he understood a word of French or the dialect of Perigord—his native province; and thus, without art or books, without grammar or rule, without the rod and without tears, the language of Cicero and Virgil became his inalienable possession and was as familiar to him as that of Rabelais and Villon. Greek he never mastered to the same point of perfection; but this was for want of inclination, not for want of gentle modes of instruction, as the grammar was made into a game rather than a task. For Pierre had his own ideas on the need of extreme gentleness in the handling of children. As a proof of this, because he thought it hurtful to the young brain to be roused suddenly and sharply out of sleep, he commanded that the little Michel should always be awakened by the sound of some instrument—gently, rhythmically, harmoniously. No wonder that the son ever speaks of his father with such enthusiastic love and gratitude, and no wonder that he himself cherished such strong sentiments on the tenderness to be shown to children, and indeed to all the

weak and defenceless. And by reason of this unbroken stream of masculine influence from his earliest years we can understand the essentially virile tone of Montaigne's mind—virile in that it could remain forever in suspense, and did not need the consolation, the support of a proved certainty, as with the weaker sort—virile in that it was sufficient for itself, and could abjure the evil and cling fast to the good by its own strength only.

The boy's first love in books was Ovid—devoured when he was eight years old. This supplied the imaginative element which all healthy childhood wants. The romances proper to the time—Lancelot du Lac, Amadis, Huon de Bordeaux, "et tels fatras de livres à quoy l'enfance s'amuse"—he did not know even by name, "ni ne foyes encores le corps," he says emphatically, so exact was the mental discipline in which he was trained. From Ovid he went to Virgil; then to Terence and Plautus; and so to the Italian comedies—always lured farther and farther by the delightfulness of the subject. His tutor was a man of discernment, he says, and knew how to attract his intellect and make it overcome the difficulties of an indolent nature. "S'il eust esté si fol de rompre ce train, l'estime que ie n'eusse rapporté du college que la haine des livres, comme faict quasi toute nostre noblesse." This recalls the memoirs of the rector of Lincoln, and the contempt expressed by his aristocratic young friend for the "sapping" of a man of high social position.

Montaigne's hatred of all forms of falsehood, so often and so strongly expressed, is due also in part to his early training, if part perhaps comes from heredity. He makes great account of first impressions; and our own old proverb, "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined," expresses his views to a line. "Le trouve que nos plus grands vices prennent leur ply dez nostre plus tendre enfance," he says; "et que nostre principal gouvernement est entre les mains des nourrices."

After speaking of the first germs, the first manifestations of cruelty, tyranny, deception, in youth, he adds that it is "une tresdangereuse institution, d'excuser ces vilaines inclinations par la foiblesse de l'aage et legiereté du subiect: premierement c'est nature qui parle, de qui la voix est lors plus pure et plus naïve, qu'elle est plus graille [grêle] et plus neuve: secondement, la laideur de la piperie ne despend pas de la difference des escus aux espingles; elle despend de soy." Hence he never allowed himself to

cheat in any of his childish games; and now, when a mature man, playing at cards with his wife and daughter, he treats their stakes of farthings as seriously as though they were pounds.

This punctiliousness of conscience, this sensitive regard for sincerity, runs like a golden thread through the substance of Montaigne's character. We feel this absolute honesty in every page—this honesty, so positive and exact in action, lending itself to that unanchored state of mind which fears to believe a lie and therefore prefers doubt to possible falsehood. This honesty was not companioned with any kind of coarseness, as it so often is. Montaigne was essentially delicate and dainty in his tastes, and certain things were as necessary to him as certain others were impossible. Nevertheless he praises in young men and soldiers the good of that suppleness which can adopt the ways of a place and people, and how "il y a de la honte de laisser à faire par impuissance ou de n'oser, ce qu'on veoid faire à ses compaignons." Like Marius, who, in aging, became delicate in his drinking, and used only one special cup, so Montaigne affects certain forms of glass, and does not willingly drink from common glass, nor from a strange nor common hand; and prefers a clear and transparent material to any kind of metal, so that his eyes may taste as well as his lips. He must have curtains and a tester to his bed; though he has no tablecloth, he must have dinner napkins, which he would like to have changed with each plate, and which he soils like an Italian—seldom using his spoon or fork. He must wash immediately after meals, as well as on rising in the morning; and all his habits are methodical and regular. He cannot bear too full living nor too long abstinence; he does not choose much at table, but takes that which is nearest to him, and contents himself with one or two things. A multiplicity of dishes displeases him, and his taste is more for simple things than for rich—for fish and salt meats above all—though the bread is made without salt, specially for himself and his household. Lengthy meals annoy him, as he has the habit from infancy of eating all the time that he is at table; so that those who have the care of him must arrange his food both for quantity and kind as is best for him, he eating just what is before him straight through to the end. For the rest, he congratulates himself on having been born with all his senses keen and healthy; and though he

has suffered from fever and ague, and that accident which was so like death, "l'esprit alla tousiours non paisiblement mais plaisamment." In sickness and in health alike he keeps to the same manner of life. "Mesmes lict, mesmes heures, mesmes viandes me servent, et mesme bruvage; ie n'y adioust de tout rien, que la moderation du plus et du moins, selon ma force et appetit. Ma santé, c'est maintenir sans[destourbier [sans trouble] mon estat accoustumé. Je veoie que la maladie m'en desloge d'un costé; si ie crois les medecins, ils m'en destourneront de l'autre: et par fortune, et par art, me voylà hors de ma route."

He then goes on to condemn the folly of altering the whole course of living—the habits which use has made into a second nature, and which to change, wounds, and hurts, and does violence to that nature. "Ie ne crois rien plus certainement que cecy: Que ie ne scaurois estre offensé par l'usage des choses que i'ay si longtemps accoustumees."

For habit is the "cup of Circe," which changes our nature "comme bon luy semble." How much wiser, more rational and practical this is than the "radical" advice of certain physicians and putters-to-right—those who counsel say, the sudden and entire cessation of all work for the fatigued and overstrained, and who do not rather see the value of a little slackening, a little moderation, but always on the same lines which habit has made necessary for existence, and to depart wholly from which would entail worse consequences than continuance even at the present speed.

In love Montaigne is exactly what might be expected of him. Temperamental ardor is not suffered to overcome the coolness of his reason, but reason does not chill his temperament. "Un doux commerce que celuy des belles et honnestes femmes," he says; "nam nos quoque oculos eruditos habemus." He loves them neither with the grossness of coarse desire, nor with the highflown reverence of ideal chivalry, content with a smile—made blessed by a ribbon. He loves them, as he does all things in life, with sincerity, fervor, common sense, discretion. Amorous from his youth upwards, he has never been licentious—never solaced himself with vulgar liaisons and *la première venue*. He has always conducted his affairs with delicacy, with poetry—sharpening his passion by difficulty and the glory of conquest, and caring to obtain only what was worthy of

effort and pursuit. Between beauty and mind he chooses the former.

"Au demourant, ie faisois grand compte de l'esprit, mais pourveu que le corps m'en feust pas à dire; car, à respondre en conscience, si l'une ou l'autre des deux beautez devoit necessairement y faillir, i'eusse choisi de quitter plustost la spirituelle: elle a son usage en meilleures choses; mais au subiect de l'amour, subiect qui principalement se rapporte à la veue et à l'attouchement, on faict quelque chose sans les graces de l'esprit rien sans les graces corporelles. C'est le vray advantage des dames que la beauté."

It is madness to give all one's thoughts to love, and to drift into a furious and indiscreet affection. If such a mischance should befall a man, he counsels him to weaken one passion by another.

"Si vostre affection en l'amour est trop puissante, dissipez la, disent ils; et disent vray, car ie l'ay souvent essayé avec utilité: rompez la à divers desires, desquels il y en ayt un regent et un maistre, si vous voulez; mais, de peur qu'il ne vous gourmande et tyrannise, affaiblissez le, seigneurnez le [donnez-lui du repos, amortissez-le], en le divisant et divertissant."

This is what he himself once did when he had lost himself in the toils of a tender sorrow. He made himself love some one else; and love soothed the ill that had been caused by love. This he does at all times when threatened with an overmastering passion.

"Une aigre imagination me tient; ie treuve plus court, que de la dompter, la changer; ie luy en substitue, si ie ne puis une contraire, au moins un'autre: tousiours la variation soulage, dissout, et dissipe. Si ie ne puis la combattre, ie luy eschappe; et en la fuyant, ie fourvoye, ie ruse: muant[changeant] de lieu, d'occupation, de compagnie, ie me sauve dans la presse d'autres amusements et pensees, où elle perd ma trace et m'esgare."

Surely a wiser thing to do, and a nobler employment of time and energy, than to sit with bowed head and folded hands, cherishing constancy to sorrow as a virtue, and despising the flowers because we cannot reach the stars! But with this manly view of the need both of self-restraint, so that love should not become the master and tyrant of life, and of self-respect, that constancy should not weaken one by the *mollesse* of enduring sorrow, he has always been a faithful and a complaisant lover.

"I'ay esté si espargnant à promettre, que ie pense avoir plus tenu que promis

n'y due : elles y ont trouvé de la fidélité, iusques au service de leur inconstance, ie dis inconstance advouee, et par fois multipliee. Le n'ay iamaïs rompu avecques elles tant que i'y tenois, ne feust ce que par le bout d'un filet ; et, quelques occasions qu'elles m'en donnè n'ay iamaïs rompu iusques au mepris et à la haine : car telles privautez, lors mesme qu'on les acquiert par les plus honteuses conventions, encores m'obligent elles à quelque bienveillance."

Much more does he say — much and boldly confess ; but with all his trespasses and wrongdoings he declares that he has never been guilty of ingratitude, treachery, malignity, nor cruelty. He defends this pleasant sin, and argues for it with all the force of which he is master. It is his one weakness — his one passion. "Ie n'ay point aultre passion qui me tient en haleine ;" and he commends it as the beautifier of the body, the sharpener of the wits, the sweetener of the temper, and the charm of life generally. But it must be love — love under certain restrictions and difficulties of attainment — and it is not often found in marriage.

Of his own free will Montaigne would not have married. Like that great Roman Son of Fire, whose wife was the Goddess Fortune, he would have espoused wisdom only, if she would have had him. But custom was too strong for him, and he was obliged to follow the laws of society rather than his own inclinations. He married against his will, forced by circumstances — "ie ne m'y conviai pas proprement, on m'y mena, et y feus porté par des occasions estrangieres." In time he reconciled himself to his lot, and made a good husband, and lived "à la vieille françoise," as he says in his letter to her — that is, in loverlike attentions and caressing courtesies. Also he declared solemnly that "tout licencieux qu'on me tient, i'ay en verité plus severement observé les loix de mariage, que ie n'avois ny promis ni esperé." On which follows one of his fine passages — one of those mixtures of good sense, good principle, and wise philosophy which are worth volumes of sermons on dogma and doctrine.

"Il n'est plus temps de regimber, quand on s'est laissé entraver : il fault prudemment mesnager sa liberté ; mais depuis qu'on s'est soumis à l'obligation, il s'y fault tenir sous les loix du devoir commun, au moins s'en efforcer. Ceux qui entreprennent ce marché pour s'y porter avecques hayne et mespris, font injustement et incommodeement. . . . Si on ne

faict tousiours son devoir, au moins le fault il tousiours aimer et recognoistre : c'est trahison de se marier sans s'espouser."

Nevertheless, like a true son of France, and a child of his generation, he excuses a little honest infidelity in both wives and husbands, and asks only for the preservation of appearances. He looks on jealousy as a mean, selfish, cruel vice ; and to sleep discreetly for Mæcenus is to him the duty of a gentleman who understands human nature, is neither a jailor nor a tyrant over his wife, and who prefers to suffer privately and in silence rather than publish his sorrows to the world for the satisfaction of his revenge. He also strongly deprecates the folly of a man's marrying his mistress — or making his mistress the woman he intends to marry. For with him love *par amour* is one thing, and marriage for honor, custom, and legitimate offspring is another.

In all of which we see that mixture of gentle judgment and wise perception which makes the charm of this wonderful thinker and supreme philosopher — praising things as he does at their true value, without sentimentality or excitement, but in relation solely to the eternal laws of human nature and the exigencies of society.

This tenderness towards the infidelities of love was not from the want of love in his own person. His more than brotherly affection for La Boétie — his more than paternal love for Marie de Gournay — prove how well he could love a man whom he found his equal — a woman "en tout bien tout honneur." And, though no names nor circumstances are given, we know by his unindividualized confessions that he had loved many women in his lifetime, and that he had been ever loyal and discreet, unselfish, generous, and careful, while these affairs lasted. What his love was for La Boétie — and his again for him — we learn in that superb chapter "De l'Amitié," — that eulogy and elegy as fine in its own way as Milton's "Lycidas" or Shelley's yet more passionate "Adonais."

How well their love was returned we find in La Boétie's own words on his death-bed.

"Ie vous avois choisi parmi les hommes, pour renouveler avec vous cette sincere et vertueuse amitié de laquelle l'usage est par les vices dez si longtemps esloigné d'entre nous, qu'il n'en reste que quelques vieilles traces en la memoire de l'antiquité."

And his description of friendship in "La Servitude Volontaire" is as noble as Montaigne's. It contains indeed the very core and essence of true friendship — that tie as strong as death and sometimes stronger than love, for which pleasant companionship and mutual convenience is so often mistaken.

"L'amitié," says La Boétie, "c'est un nom sacré, c'est une chose sainte; elle ne se met jamais qu'entre gents de bien, et ne se prend que par une mutuelle estime; elle s'entretient, non tant par un bienfaict que par la bonne vie. Ce qui rend un amy assuré de l'autre, c'est la cognoissance qu'il a de son intégrité: les respondants qu'il en a, c'est sa bonne nature, la foy, et la constance. Il n'y peult avoir d'amitié, là où est la cruauté, là où est la desloyauté, là où est l'injustice. Entre les meschants quand ils s'assemblent, c'est un complot, non pas une compaignie; ils ne s'entr'ayment pas, mais ils s'entrecraignent; ils ne sont pas amis, mais ils sont complices."

We have a cognate thought even more tenderly expressed in those two matchless lines, —

I had not loved thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more.

For, of a surety though passion may exist with disesteem, and though all that makes life beautiful or noble, as well as life itself, may be given for a worthless creature whose empire is based on sensuality, there can be no friendship without mutual respect and mutual faith. Scoundrels betray each other for safety or for gain — betray after they have caressed and flattered; but heroes go to the death one for the other, and the worthy lover of Plato is the greater love of virtue. The friendship between Montaigne and La Boétie was as perfect as it was swift in its birth and short in its duration. It lasted for only three years, and then La Boétie died; and life was never quite the same to Montaigne after. "Le plus grand que j'aie cogné au vif ie dis des parties naturelles de l'âme, et le mieulx nay c'estoit Etienne de Boétie," he says of his friend in his "Essay on Presumption"; "c'estoit vraiment un'ame pleine, et qui monroit un beau visage à tout sens; un'ame à la vielle marque, et qui eust produit de grands effects si sa fortune l'a voulu; ayant beaucoup adiousé à ce riche naturel, par science et estude."

Like Socrates this beautiful soul was encased in an unlovely body, and the eyes

had to accustom themselves to superficial ugliness before they could discern the inner beauty of the mind. Montaigne on the contrary was good-looking, for though of small stature, like his father, he was not dissatisfied with himself — "ce petit homme aux yeux pleins de douceur, au front large, au nez bien faict, à la barbe brune (à escorce de chataigne), égale, épaisse, à la teste justement ronde, à l'oreille, à la bouche petites, au tient frais, au visage agréable, aux membres proportionnés, qui n'en est pas plus laid par ce qu'il n'a pas six pieds."

In another part, however, he speaks more disparagingly of himself; and while again enumerating his good points — his small white teeth, small ears and mouth, his clear soft eyes — he adds, "où est la petitesse" — not all these advantages "peuvent faire un bel homme."

The letter of Michel to "Monseigneur de Montaigne," containing the account of La Boétie's death, is as touching as that of Le Fevre's, in the splendid constancy of courage and intelligence surviving all physical pains and weaknesses — in the love between these two men, this David and Jonathan — in the noble discourse that comes in during the intervals of freedom from suffering and faintness — in the quiet and even march of the last supreme drama. All is told with that touching poetry which comes from truth and simplicity; and through all this distance of time we can see, as with our bodily eyes, this fine and dignified departure, and hear the calm voice say: "Mon frère, mon amy, ie t'assure que j'ay faict assez de choses, ce me semble, en ma vie, avecques autant de peine et difficulté que ie fois cette cy. Et quand tout est dict, il y a fort long temps que i'estois préparé, et qu'en sçavois ma leçon toute par cœur."

The last scene of all was painful to flesh and blood, both to bear and to see; but the cup had to be drained to the dregs, and the dying man had to submit to that questionable effort of love and science, when that which would have been a peaceful death if left uninterrupted, is turned into the torture of a useless and transitory revival.

"Mon Dieu, qui me tourmente tant!" he cried when they brought him out of his swoon and he heard their loud weeping about him. "Pourquoy m'oste l'on de ce grand et plaisant repos auquel ie suis? Laissez-moi, ie vous prie!" For the solace of the orthodox we may here add that La Boétie died in confession of the faith, and in full belief that he was going to meet

God and be received into the mansions and among the souls of the blessed.

In the calm and uneventful course in which Montaigne's days ran, like a peaceful river ripping on to the great ocean of eternity, his travels and an accident that once befell him take larger proportions than with those whose record is richer. His travels lasted almost a year and a half, beginning in the month of June, 1580, and ending in November, 1581. He went through France, Switzerland, part of Germany, and Italy. Always suffering and always cheerful, he sprinkles his journal with bright little bits of observation here, of reflection there, but as a rule his diary is not worth much. Speaking of the German innkeepers he says: "Ils ont cela de bon qu'ils demandent quasi du premier mot ce qu'il leur faut, et ne gagne-t-on guère a marchander. Ils sont glorieux, colères et ivrognes, mais ils ne sont du moins ni traitres ni voleurs." When he left the country he wrote to the famous François Hotman, whom he had met at Bâle, saying that "tout le demeurant lui sembloit plein de commodité et courtoisie, et surtout de justice et de sûreté."

This was a better word for the Germans than the students gave them at the University of Paris. Here they were called dirty, gluttonous, and ill-tempered; the French being proud and effeminate; the English cowards and drunkards; the Normans boastful and deceitful; the Burgundians stupid and brutal; the Flemish bloodthirsty, vagabond, house-burners, etc. At Brixen the mountains round about "s'estendent si mollement qu'elles ce laissent testonner et peigner iusques aux oreilles" — like certain show places in our own country, notably about the lakes, which have the look of being "washed and combed and in their Sunday clothes."

At Rome, where he had always had a great desire to go, one or two things struck him forcibly. One was the precautions taken against poison in the sacramental wine; another was the irreligious indifference of the pope and cardinals during the mass. "Il lui sembla nouveau, et en cette messe et autres, que le Pape et cardinaux et autres prélats y sont assis, et quasi tout le long de la messe couverts, devisant et parlant ensemble. Ces cérémonies semblent être plus magnifiques que dévotieuses."

He was also much amused, or amazed, by the open profligacy of the courtesans, and their practical recognition by priests and prelates; and he kissed the pope's

foot as a good Catholic should. But his heart was in the antiquities rather than in the pomp and ceremonial of the Church. Cæsar and Cicero, Seneca and Lucian, Horace and Juvenal, Marcus Aurelius and Hadrian, Brutus and Cato; the places where the great rulers and captains had planned the subjugation of the world, and those where they passed in triumph after conquest; the places where the great orators had stirred the pulses and charmed the imagination of their listening thousands; where the great thinkers had studied the problems of life and consciousness, and made their halting efforts to discover the nature of the gods and the properties of the soul; where the poets had strung their deathless lines in that noble tongue of demigods and heroes, like golden beads on a silver thread; the places where the very dust was eloquent of the glorious lives which had once dominated and were now mingled with it, lost and irrecoverable forever, — these were to him more important than the execution of a robber, the performance of the Jewish "tribal rite," or the mad pranks of the Carnival, at all of which he assisted. But that great nation of antiquity, of which by early association and learning he was, as it were, a later paler descendant, that was his true love, his real point; and all the rest was subsidiary.

He enjoyed his travels however, as it was meet he should, pain, regimen, medicine, discomforts notwithstanding; and then he went back to his library and his studies — to that *arrière boutique* of his thoughts where no one entered — to the speculations where nothing was determined, save the need of mercy, justice, gentleness, liberality, self-control, and avoidance of such dogmatism as would lead to condemnation or cruelty. "C'est mettre ses coniectures à bien hault prix que d'en faire cuire un homme tout vif," he says significantly.

The sweetness of Montaigne's nature, the patience and rare wisdom of his philosophy, came out in even still fairer colors when we remember that he suffered much from gout and another painful internal malady which, together with a temporary disorder, at last killed him when yet in the full meridian of his intellectual powers. In the accident, too, which befell him, when he and his horse were overthrown, he is just the same philosophic reasoner and calm observer as at other times. So soon as he comes to his senses he observes his own sensations and reasons on them — on the relation between

the functions of the soul and those of the body, which keep even step together; and he propounds that theory of coma, of unconsciousness before death, which medical men tell us is the rule; the exceptions of vivid thought and consciousness being very few. This, by the way, disposes of those many pious lies which the orthodox have set on foot concerning the mental torments of dying unbelievers.

Enumerating certain crises and signs, he says: "Quoyque nous en tirons aucuns signes par où il semble qu'il leur reste encores de la cognoissance, et quelques mouvements que nous leur veoyons faire du corps; i'ay tousiours pensé, dis ie, qu'ils avoient de l'ame et le corps ensepeveli et endormi."

In all this reasoning Montaigne uses the word soul to express the thinking and sentient part of man. He had not been suffered to see that great Pisgah of science, where we find biology and the brain on the highest peak we have yet reached; and he, who foresaw so much, who stood by the gate of Darwin's field, who dared to say that we made God in our own image, who doubted where others affirmed, and whose very silence on the details of the faith he broadly said he professed, was as expressive as a declaration — he still clung to the doctrine of the soul as the thinking, reasoning, discerning part of man, and did not forestall even Goethe, who himself forestalled more minute investigators. If only he had guessed at the, as yet, unrevealed truths of science, and had ascribed to the brain some of the functions he gave to the soul! As things were however, he did very well without, and came near to the truth in result, if not always with full knowledge of the process.

The latest act of any importance in this peaceful drama of Montaigne's life was his acquaintance with, and love for, his *filie d'alliance* Marie de Gournay. If this affection had not the mental grip, the intellectual equality, he had found with La Boétie, it had the sweeter and more tender sentiment belonging to the difference of age and sex. For his own daughters, after the first two, Montaigne does not seem to have had much regard. Perhaps he was disappointed in not having a son; and after the second failure put the whole thing aside as something not immediately touching him. He does not lament his unborn heir, but he speaks very little of any of his five daughters, and after he has recorded the birth of the first two he lets the rest alone. Marie de Gournay then came into his life with the force of one who

fills a vacant place; and he loved her as he had loved La Boétie, wearing her on his heart with just that difference we have spoken of above. Her enthusiasm for him was even more unbounded than his for her, great as his was. But she had youth on her side; and the reverence which appreciative youth gives to the confessed superiority of a grander mind and to an older person, helped to lift her love into a more passionate sphere than his could bear. And as she had lived through a girl's sorrow and loved to her heart's hurt, she was all the freer to bestow such affection on her intellectual father and literary demigod, as has linked their names together for all time. Her love for him, and his for her, were of higher honor to him than that election to the office of maire of Bordeaux, that ribbon of the order of Saint-Michel, that recognition even of kings and the trust that Henri of Navarre had in him, all of which had been of so much pleasant pride to him. She, on her side, owes, as we have said, her reputation to her association with Montaigne. As an authoress on her own account she might have gained a local and temporary fame, but one for all time — assuredly not.

One of the most interesting of all the material things connected with Montaigne's life is the round library, with its three windows, giving "trois veues de riche et libre prospect," where he sat and possessed his soul in peace. "C'est là mon siège," he says; "ie essaye à m'en rendre la domination pure, et s'y soustraire à la communauté et coniugale et filiale et civile."

This library was in a tower apart from the main body of the château, and was on the third floor. The second was a bedroom, which he used when he wished to be wholly alone. The first was his chapel. At one glance he could see all his books, ranged on stands about five feet high; and from the windows, beside the fine views of the distant country, he commanded his household and belongings.

"Le veoys soubz moy mon iardin, ma basse-court, ma court, et dans la pluspart des membres de ma maison. Là ie feuillette à cette heure un livre, à cette heure un aultre, sans ordre et sans desseing, à pièces decousues. Tantost ie resve; tantost i'enregistre et dicte, en me promenant, mes songes que voicy. . . . Ie passe là et la plus part des iours de ma vie, et la plus part des heures du iour: ie n'y iamais la nuit."

On the beams and rafters were those sayings and quotations which best ex-

pressed the owner's attitude of mind. Among them we have that pessimistic phrase from Ecclesiastes, "Cognoscendi studium homini dedit Deus eius torquendi gratia," which Montaigne translates, "La curiosité de cognoistre les choses a esté donnée aux hommes pour fleau." A truer verse is that, "Omnium quæ sub sole sunt fortuna et lex par est." "Cela peut se faire et cela ne se peut pas," is the translation of a Greek phrase, and "La superstition suit l'orgueil et lui obeit comme à son père," that of another. Montaigne's moderation is shown in his adoption of that verse in Romans, "Ne plus sapite quam oporteat, sed sapite ad sobrietatem," which he translates, "Ne soyez plus sages qu'il ne faut, mais soyez sobrement sages;" but to which we give a somewhat different signification. Again, "Væ qui sapientes estis in oculis vestris."—"Si quis existimat se aliquid scire, nondum cognovit quomodo oportet illud scire"—"Quantum est in rebus inane!"—"Omnia vanitas," with more than we can extract, proves his contempt for all that others held as positive and certain. Under the Greek words to correspond, "Je n'établis rien"—"Je ne comprends pas"—"Je m'arrête"—"J'examine"—"Je ne puis comprendre"—"Pas davantage"—"Sans pencher d'aucun côté"—express that Pyrrhonism which was the distinguishing characteristic of his thoughts and mind. But the most interesting, personally, is a long Latin inscription, of which this is the French translation.

"L'an du salut 1571, à l'âge de trente-huit ans, la veille des calendes de mars (dernier février), jour anniversaire de sa naissance, Michel de Montaigne, ennuyé depuis longtemps de l'esclavage des cours et des emplois publics, se réfugia tout entier dans le sein des doctes vierges, afin d'y passer, si les destins le permettent, calm et exempt de toute inquiétude, ce qui lui restera d'une existence déjà en grande partie écoulée; il consacra cet asile et ces douces retraites paternelles à sa liberté, à sa tranquillité et à son repos."

He died of "une esquinancie sur la langue," being three days unable to speak, and with his full intelligence; and if Estienne Pasquier says the truth, he died at the moment of the elevation of the host, rising in his bed and joining his hands in the act of acceptance and adoration. "Et en ce dernier acte rendit son esprit à Dieu: qui fut un beau miroir de l'intérieur de son âme."

Nevertheless his writings remain as

witnesses on the other side, and that unanswered question, "Que sais-je?" is a formidable counterweight against the theory of his belief in the touch of a tonsured man transforming one substance into another. If Pasquier's account be true, how can we reconcile it with Montaigne's own confession of impatience when his dying friend said: "Quant à moy ie suis certain ie m'en vois trouver Dieu et le sejour des bien-heureux." Why that impatience? Was it because of La Boétie's over-confidence in his future state, or because of his certainty of that state? La Boétie evidently thought the former. "Comment, mon frère," he cried; "me voulez-vous faire peur? Si ie l'avois, à qui servir ce de me l'oster, qu'à vous?" But we, what may we not think, in the face of all his scepticism, his doubt, his uncertainty? Was the apologist, the eulogist of Julian the Apostate, a real believer in transubstantiation? Had he reserved one corner of his mind where no light of reason should shine? one stagnant pool of faith which no breath of doubt should stir? It might be; who knows? More than once he professes himself a good Catholic while tolerant to all opinions; and the pope praises him for his orthodoxy. And even in the well-balanced mind of this man whom Sainte-Beuve calls the wisest of Frenchmen, there might have been that one solitary contradiction of faith in the unproved, and in a constantly recurring miracle traversing all the known laws of nature. Let this be as it will, such as he was, he lives for all time and for all men. No Stoic of olden times ever exemplified more nobly the power of reason over the passions and weaknesses of human nature than did this French Pyrrhonist of the sixteenth century—none evidenced more thoroughly the dignity of philosophy, and what it can do for those who have gained it. For this too is part of that peace of God which the world taketh not away.

To those who would keep their soul low as a weaned child, purged from the pride which comes from man's belief in his cosmic and individual importance, and free from the arrogance which is born of over-certainty, a course of Montaigne is the wholesomest discipline that can be undertaken. We are too apt to forget that life and thought, humanity and essential knowledge, remain pretty much as they were when Plato's theosophy was accepted, as was afterwards accepted St. John's Gospel, and when Lucretius doubted of all things and denied most. We have learned some important facts in physical science, but of

ourselves and our destinies we know no more than we did. We, however, assume that we do. We have crystallized the conditional, and asserted the absolute truth of things unproved and unprovable. But, by defining so exactly the vague forms of the Great Perhaps, we have lost sight of the vast expanse above and around us. Like caged eagles or tamed leopards, we prefer the safe perch and the trim garden to the daring flight towards the sun in space — to the bold freedom of the tenantless desert. Yet that bold flight is better than the restricted perch, even if we never reach the sun; and the freedom of the desert, where no flowers bloom, no fruits ripen, is a grander inheritance than the walled-in garden, which shuts out all the world beyond itself.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
MY PREDECESSORS.

In writing my book, "On the Science of Thought,"\* my chief object was to collect all the facts which seemed to me to bear on the identity of language and thought. I sifted them, and tried to show in what direction their evidence pointed. But, as I imagined myself as addressing a very small special jury, it seemed to me unnecessary, and almost disrespectful, to bring any pressure to bear on them, except the pressure inherent in facts. I therefore did not avail myself as fully as I might otherwise have done, of the many witnesses that I could have brought into court to support by their authority the truth of the theory which I propounded. I mentioned, indeed, their names, but I did not call upon them to speak for me or for themselves. The fact is, that I did not expect that public opinion at large could, at the present moment, be very much interested in a question which had been discussed many times before, but which, as far as I could see, was by nearly all living philosophers, particularly by those living in this country, answered in a direction diametrically opposed to that which I, following the lead of the greatest philosophers of antiquity, of the Middle Ages, and of more modern times, considered the right one. I know how long I myself,

living under the influence of prevailing systems of philosophy, had hesitated to give up the old belief that language is a product of thought; that thought must always come first, language after; that thought is independent of language, and that the Greeks were great bunglers when they called language and thought by one and the same name, *logos*. A long life, devoted to the study of philology and philosophy, was necessary before I could free myself of the old words — that is, the old thoughts — and cease to treat language as one thing and thought as another. Much astronomical observation was required before people could persuade themselves that their evening star was the same as their morning star,\* and much linguistic observation will have to be performed before anybody will see clearly that our language is really our thought and our thought our language.

But though I was quite prepared that the verdict of living philosophers would, for the present at least, be adverse to my theory, I was not prepared to find nearly all my critics under the impression that this theory of the identity of thought and language was quite a novel theory, something quite unheard of — in fact, a mere paradox. This showed the same want of historical knowledge and tact which surprised so many philosophers in Germany and France at the time of the first appearance of Darwin's book "On the Origin of Species." Most of the leading reviews in England seemed to consider the theory of evolution as something quite novel, as a kind of scientific heresy, and they held Darwin personally responsible for it, whether for good or for evil. Darwin himself had at last to protest against this misapprehension, to point out the long succession of the advocates of evolution, from Lucretius to Lamarck and Oken, and to claim for himself what he really cared for, a legitimate place in the historical evolution of the theory of evolution.

In Germany and France the doctrine of the identity of language and thought has at once been recognized as an old friend, as a theory that had almost been battered to pieces in former historical conflicts, but which, like the theory of evolution, might well claim for itself a new hearing on account of the immense accumulation of new material, chiefly due to the study of the science of language during the present and the past generations. I myself,

\* "The Science of Thought;" Longmans & Co., 1887. "Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought, delivered at the Royal Institution," with an Appendix, which contains a Correspondence on "Thought Without Words," between F. Max Müller, Francis Galton, the Duke of Argyll, George J. Romanes, and others; Longmans & Co., 1888.

\* See, however, Hibbert Lectures, by Sayce, pp. 258, 264.

so far from pretending to propound a new philosophy, thought it right to point out how some of the greatest philosophers have held to the same theory, though without being able to support it by the important evidence supplied by the study of comparative philology, or to perceive quite clearly all the consequences which must flow from it. It seemed certainly strange that a theory which was, to mention more recent philosophers only, accepted without any misgivings by such men as Herder,\* Schleiermacher, W. von Humboldt, Schelling, and Hegel, in Germany; by Hobbs, Archbishop Whately, and Mansel, in England; by Abelard De Bonald, De Maistre, and Taine, in France; and by Rosmini in Italy, should have been treated as a complete novelty, or as a mere philological mare's-nest, by men who stand in the foremost ranks of philosophers in England. What should we say if our best scientific reviews shrank from the theory of the homogeneity of light, heat, and magnetism as an unheard-of novelty, or as a mere scientific paradox? But such has nevertheless been the attitude of some of the best philosophical journals in England, in discussing, or rather in declining to discuss, the identity of language and thought, which in my "Science of Thought" I tried to support, chiefly by the evidence brought together during the last fifty years by the science of language.

It may be useful, therefore, to look back, in order to see what form our problem had assumed before the science of language had thrown new light upon it. In France this problem of the identity of language and thought has always remained on the order of the day. The controversy between nominalism and realism has left there a far deeper impression than in England, and it has not been forgotten that one of the principal tenets of the nominalists was that our knowledge of universals consisted entirely in words. It was Condillac (1715-1780) and his school in the last century who gave new life to this old controversy, though his well-known dictum, "Nous ne pensons qu'avec les mots," went certainly beyond the point which had been reached by the older nominalists.† The question is what he meant

by *penser*, and if *penser* meant, as it does according to Condillac, no more than *sensir*, it would not be difficult to prove that not only sensation, but also imagination, can take place without language. We must define what we mean by thought before we can understand its identity with language. It was Rousseau (1712-1778) who at once perceived the weak point in Condillac's statement. He saw that, if we used the name of thought for all mental work, we ought to distinguish between at least two kinds of thought, thought in images, and thought in words. As a poet and as a dreamer Rousseau was naturally aware how often we are satisfied with images; that is to say, how often we indulge in mere imagination and call it thinking. And though it is quite true that with us who are so saturated with language there are few images which on closer examination turn out to be really anonymous, yet we cannot deny the possibility of such mental activity, and are bound to admit it, particularly in the earlier periods of the development of the human mind. It is this kind of thought which has been often claimed for animals also.\* Rousseau therefore remarks very justly, "Lorsque l'imagination s'arrête, l'esprit ne marche qu'à l'aide du discours." "When imagination stops, the mind does not advance except by means of language."†

But, even supposing that our modern philosophers should treat Condillac and Rousseau as ancient and forgotten worthies, surely they must have heard of Dugald Stewart in Scotland (1753-1828), of De Bonald (1754-1840), and De Maistre (1754-1821) in France. Now, Dugald Stewart was not ashamed to teach what the nominalists had taught before him — namely, that for the purpose of thinking three things are necessary: *universalia*, *genera*, and *words*. If Dugald Stewart had not persuaded himself that Sanskrit was a mere forgery of the Brahmins, he might have learnt a new lesson — namely,

\* De Bonald, *De l'Origine du Langage*, p. 67: "Les brutes, qui éprouvent les mêmes besoins, reçoivent aussi les images des objets que l'instinct de leur conservation les porte à fuir ou à chercher, et n'ont besoin de langage. L'enfant, qui ne parle pas encore, le muet qui ne parlera jamais, se font aussi des images des choses sensibles, et la parole nécessaire pour la vie morale et idéale ne l'est pas du tout à la vie physique."

† De Bonald, *loc. cit.*, p. 65, remarks: "Ce qui veut dire qu'on ne peut penser qu'au moyen de paroles lorsqu'on ne pense pas au moyen d'images." Haller expressed almost the same idea, when he said: "Ita assuevit anima signis uti, ut mera per signa cogitet ac sonorum vestigia sola omnium rerum representationes animae offerant, rarioribus exemplis exceptis, quando affectus aliquis imaginem ipsam revocat."

\* Science of Thought, pp. 30, 120.

† "Qu'est-ce au fond que la réalité qu'une idée abstraite et générale a dans notre esprit? Ce n'est qu'un nom. . . Les idées abstraites ne sont donc que des dénominations. . . Si nous n'avions point de dénominations, nous n'aurions point d'idées abstraites, nous n'aurions ni genres ni espèces, nous ne pourrions raisonner sur rien." (Condillac, *Logique*, II<sup>me</sup> partie, chap. v.)

that all our words, even those which we call singular, are derived from general concepts, in so far as they must be traced back to roots embodying general concepts. This discovery, however, was reserved for later comers. In the mean time, men like De Bonald and De Maistre in France did not allow the old argument to sleep. But curiously enough, while formerly the idea of the identity of thought and language was generally defended by philosophers of the type of Hobbes, by the supporters of sensualistic theories who derive all our knowledge from the impressions of the senses and their spontaneous associations, we have in De Bonald and De Maistre men of the very opposite stamp — orthodox, almost mystic philosophers, who nevertheless make the identity of thought and language the watchword of their philosophy. It is true that even Bossuet (1627-1704) inclined in the same direction. In his famous treatise, "De la Connaissance de Dieu et de soi-même," he allows that we can never, or, with the usual proviso of weak-kneed philosophers, hardly ever, think of anything without its name presenting itself to us. But De Bonald went far beyond this, as will be seen from the following extracts.\*

In his treatise on the origin of language he says: "There was geometry in the world before Newton, and philosophy before Descartes, but before language there was absolutely nothing but bodies and their images, because language is the necessary instrument of every intellectual operation — nay, the means of every moral existence."† He puts the same idea into more powerful, though at first sight somewhat perplexing language, when he says: "Man thinks his word before he speaks his thought, or, in other words, man cannot speak his thought without thinking his word."‡

De Maistre, who belongs to the same school as De Bonald, and whose ultimate conclusions I should feel most unwilling to adopt, shows, nevertheless, the same clear insight into the nature of language. Thus he writes: "The question of the origin of ideas is the same as the question of the origin of language; for thought and language are only two magnificent synonyms. Our intellect cannot think nor

know that it thinks without speaking, because it must say, 'I know.'"

And again: "It is absolutely the same thing whether one asks the definition, the essence, or the name of an object.† . . . In one word, there is no word which does not represent an idea, and which is not really as correct and as true as the idea, because thought and language do not differ essentially, but represent the same act of the mind, speaking either to himself or to others."‡

I say once more that I am the last person to follow these French philosophers to their last conclusions. Their object is to show that language, being what it is, cannot have been a human invention, but must have been a divine revelation.§ I quote them here as representative men only, and as showing how familiar the idea of the identity of thought and language was on the Continent during the first half of our century — an idea which, by some of the most prominent philosophers in England, has been treated as an unheard-of paradox.

Of course it may be said that De Bonald, and De Maistre too, are ancient history; that the first half of this century was a mistake, and that truth and positive philosophy date only from the second half of our century. But even then, those who wish to take part in the discussion of the great problems of philosophy ought to know that the question of the identity of language and thought has never to the present day been neglected by the leading philosophers of Germany and France. Let us take one, who has not only proved himself most intimately acquainted with the most recent schools of philosophical thought in England, but has often been claimed as a disciple of Stuart Mill — let us take M. Taine, and what do we find in his great work "De l'Intelligence," first published in 1870? Without the slightest hesitation, without any fear that what he says could sound strange to well-schooled philosophical ears, or be taken for mere

\* *Soirées de St. Pétersbourg*, i., p. 75.

† *Loc. cit.*, i., p. 135.

‡ *Loc. cit.*, i., p. 131.

§ "Si l'expression est nécessaire, non-seulement à la production de l'idée ou à sa révélation extérieure, mais encore à sa conception dans notre propre esprit; c'est-à-dire, si l'idée ne peut être présentée à notre esprit ni présentée à l'esprit des autres que par la parole orale ou écrite, le langage est nécessaire, ou tel que la société n'a pu, dans aucun temps, exister sans le langage, pas plus que l'homme n'a pu exister hors de la société. L'homme n'a donc pas inventé le langage. . . . La nécessité de la révélation primitive du langage a été défendue dans l'*Encyclopédie* par le savant et vertueux Beuzé. Charles Bonnet et Hugh Blair entrent dans le même sentiment." (De BONALD, *loc. cit.*, p. 199.)

\* *Œuvres de M. de Bonald, Recherches Philosophiques sur les Premiers Objets des Connaissances Morales*. Paris. 1858.

† *Loc. cit.*, p. 73.

‡ *Loc. cit.*, p. 64: "L'homme pense sa parole avant de parler sa pensée; ou autrement, l'homme ne peut parler sa pensée sans penser sa parole."

paradox even by the outside public, he writes: \*—

What we call a general idea is nothing but a name; not the simple sound which vibrates in the air and sets our ears in motion, nor the assemblage of letters which blacken the paper and touch our eyes—not even these letters apprehended mentally, or the sound of them mentally rehearsed, but that sound and those letters endowed, as we perceive or imagine them, with a twofold character, first of producing in us the images of individuals belonging to a certain class, and of these individuals only; secondly, of reappearing every time when an individual of that class, and only when an individual of that same class, presents itself to our memory or our perception.

And again: †—

Hence arise curious illusions. We believe we possess, besides our general words, general ideas—we distinguish between the idea and the word; the idea seems to us a separate act, the word being an auxiliary only. We actually compare the idea and the image, and we say that the idea performs in another sphere the same office in presenting to us general objects which the image performs in presenting to us individuals. . . . Such is the first of our psychological illusions, and what we call our consciousness swarms with them. The false theories arising from them are as complicated as they are numerous. They obstruct all science, and only when they shall have been swept away will science become simple again.

I could go on quoting passage after passage from M. Taine's work, and I may say, with regard to him too, that, though accepting his facts, I by no means accept all the conclusions he draws from them. I agree with him that word and idea are but two names for the same thing. I agree with him, when he, like Locke, shows the impossibility of animals ever reaching the intellectual level of language, for the simple reason that they cannot reach the level of general ideas. But I differ from him when he thinks that the origin of language and the original formation of words can be explained by watching the way in which a child of the present day acquires the use of a language ready made, though even here our opinions are by no means so far apart as he imagines. We are concerned with different problems, but we agree at all events as to the manner in which these problems ought to be treated, not by mere assertion and counter-assertion, but by a comprehensive study of facts, and by a careful examination of the opinions of those who came before us.

\* *Loc. cit.*, i., p. 35.

† *Loc. cit.*, i., p. 66.

The unhistorical treatment of philosophy, for which some English philosophers have been of late frequently, and, I think, justly reprehended, entails far more serious consequences than might be imagined. I admit it gives a certain freshness and liveliness to philosophical discussions. Completely new ideas, or ideas supposed to be new, excite, no doubt, greater enthusiasm, and likewise greater surprise and indignation. But life, nay, even history, would be too short, if we were always to begin again where Thales, Aristotle, or Descartes began, or if the well-known results of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" were published to the world as the most recent discoveries of synthetic philosophy.

Another inconvenience arising from this unhistorical treatment of philosophical questions is felt even more acutely—namely, that in defending an old theory by new arguments we are often supposed to be pleading our own cause. Darwin, particularly in his earlier books, speaks of the cause of evolution, not as if it were anything personal to himself, but as a trust handed down to him, almost as an heirloom of his family; anyhow, as a valuable inheritance dating from the earliest days of awakening physical and philosophical inquiry. In his later books he becomes more and more self-conscious, and seems restrained from applying that rapturous language to the results obtained by the theory of evolution which those who follow him feel perfectly justified in applying to his and their own labors. I have been blamed for speaking with unconcealed rapture of the theory of the identity of language and thought, and I certainly should feel that I deserved blame if this theory had really been of my own invention. But, knowing how many of the most authoritative philosophers had held the same views, I felt at perfect liberty to speak of it, as I did, as the most important philosophical truth, in fact, as the only solid foundation of all philosophy.

I also took it for granted, though it seems I ought not to have done so, that the misunderstandings which had formerly beset this theory, and had been demolished again and again, would not be repeated with the innocent conviction that they had never been thought of before.

Of course, such an expression as identity of thought and language can be cavilled at. If Kant is right, no two things in space and time can ever be identical, and if people really take identical in that sense the sooner the word is altogether superseded the better. When we say that

language and thought are identical, we mean that they are two names of the same thing under two aspects. There is a very useful term in Sanskrit philosophy, "*aprithagbhāva*" ("the not being able to exist apart"), and it is this, the impossibility of thought existing apart from language, or language from thought, which we mean when we call the two identical. We can distinguish for our own purposes, and these purposes are perfectly legitimate, between the sound and the meaning of a word, just as we can distinguish between the pitch and the timbre of our voice. But though we can distinguish, we cannot separate the two. We cannot have timbre without pitch, nor pitch without timbre; neither can we have words without thought, or thought without words. There never was on one side a collection of vocables, mere *flatus vocis*, and on the other a collection of concepts. The two were always one and indivisible, but not one and indistinguishable. We can certainly distinguish the sound of a word from its meaning, but we must not expect to meet with meanings walking about in broad daylight as disembodied ghosts, or with sounds floating through the air, like so many Undines in search of a soul. The two were not two, but were one from the beginning, and the *πρῶτον ψεύδος* lies in this attempted divorce between sound and meaning.

After words have been formed, as embodied thoughts, no doubt it is possible to imitate and repeat their sound without knowing their meaning. We have only to speak English to a Chinaman, and we shall see that what to us is English is to him mere sound and jabber. It is no longer language, because it is of the essence of language to be sound and meaning at the same time.

But then it is asked — Is our thinking always speaking? I say, yes, it is, if only we take speaking in its proper sense. But if we mean by speaking the mere vibrations of our vocal chords, then thinking is not always speaking, because we can suppress these vibrations, and yet keep in our memory the sound which they were meant to produce, and the meaning which that sound was meant to convey. It is this speaking without voice which has come to be called thinking, while thinking aloud has monopolized the name of speaking. The true definition, in fact, of thinking, as commonly understood, is speaking *minus* voice. And as this kind of thinking is that which is most commonly used for intense intellectual work,

people have become so proud of it that they cannot bear to see it what they call degraded to mere speaking without voice. Still so it is, as every one can discover for himself, if he will only ask himself at any moment what he is or has been thinking about. He can answer this question to himself and to others in words only. Nor is there anything degrading in this, and at all events the greatest philosophical thinkers, the Greeks, did not think so or say so, for they were satisfied with one and the same word for thought and speech.

Nor do we really, when we examine ourselves carefully, ever detect ourselves as thinking only, or as thinking in the abstract. How often have I been asked, not whether I think without words, but whether I think in English or in German. What does that mean? It means, whether I speak to myself in English or in German, and no more. The idea that I could speak to myself in no language at all is too absurd to be even suggested.

The results which the science of language has arrived at, and which are by no means so startling as has been supposed, are shortly these: We have sensations without language, and some of these sensations may produce in men, as well as in animals, involuntary cries.

We have perceptions or images without language, and some of these may be accompanied by gestures or signs, such gestures and signs being often intelligible to others belonging to the same kind.

We have concepts, but these we can never have without words, because it is the word which embodies originally one feature only of the whole image, and afterwards others, and thus supplies what we call abstract concepts, to which nothing can ever respond in imagination, nothing in sensation, nothing in nature.

Here it is where the science of language has supplied the historical proof of what would otherwise have remained a mere postulate. We know, as a fact, that about eight hundred roots will account for nearly the whole wealth of the Sanskrit dictionary. We can account for these roots in different ways, the most unobjectionable being that suggested by Noiré, that they were originally the *clamor concomitans* of the conscious acts of men. Now, let us take an instance. Man would have received the sensation of brightness from the stars in the sky, and it is possible, at least I should not like to deny it, that animals too might receive the same sensation. After a time, when the same starry sky was observed night after night, and

year after year, the stars as bright points would be remembered, and would leave an image of separate sparkling points, nay, it may be, of certain very prominent constellations in our memory. Nor is there any reason to doubt that, without any language, the mere image of certain constellations appearing on the sky might from the earliest times have evoked the images of concomitant events, such as the approach of cold weather, or the return of spring, in the minds of our most savage ancestors.

But with all that, there was as yet no word, and, in consequence, no concept of a star. What we call stars, as different from the sky to which they seem attached, as different also from sun and moon, were as yet bright images only.

Now, the next decisive step was this. The Aryan man possessed what we call roots, sounds which had often been used while he and his friends were engaged in acts of scattering, dispersing, strewing. One of these sounds may have been *STAR*. We find it in Latin, *ster-no* and *stramen*; in Greek, *σπορέννυμι*; in Gothic, *strauja*; English, to *strew*, and its many derivatives. In all these words, the root, we say, is *STAR*, though we need not assert that such a root ever existed by itself before it was realized in all the words which sprang from it. One of the features of the bright sparkling points in heaven was their scattering or strewing sprays of light. By means of the root *STAR* this one feature was abstracted from the rest of the image, and the stars were thus at the same time called and conceived as strewers; in Sanskrit, *star-as*; in Greek, *ἀστέρης*; in Latin, *stellae*, i.e., *sterulae*; in English, *stars*.

This word *star* was not meant for any single star, it did not correspond to a sensation, nor to any vague image or recollection of stars; it was a name representing one abstract feature of the stars, namely, their scattering of light in a dark night. It was man's own creation, and corresponded to nothing in nature, unless it was predicated afterwards of this or that particular star. It was so general, in fact, that, as soon as special stars had to be named, new determining or individualizing names became necessary. When it was observed that certain stars always retained their place, while others travelled about, the former were named fixed stars, the latter travellers or planets.\* till at last every prominent star received some kind

of name, that is to say, was known and called as different from all the rest.

We see the same process everywhere, though it is not always possible to discover with perfect certainty what specific features in the objects of nature were selected for the purpose of knowing and naming them, or, in other words, from what root their names were derived. Let us examine the name of *tree*. Here it is quite clear that the most primitive savage must have had the sensation produced by trees growing up all around him, and giving him shelter against the sun, possibly supplying food also to appease his hunger. Let us suppose that that sensation was on a level with the sensation which animals also receive from trees. I do not think it was, but I am willing to grant it for argument's sake. The hundreds and thousands of trees which made an impression on the eyes of these savages must soon have become indistinguishable, and left an image in the memory of a very general and indistinct character. Some philosophers maintain that animals also have these blurred images, and that they would mistake a post for a tree. Again, for argument's sake, I do not mean to contest it.

But now comes a new step. Men, and men alone, in the earliest stages of their life on earth, began to take hold of certain trees, tear off their bark, hollow out their stems, and use these in the end for making beds, boats, and tables, and for other purposes. Concomitant and significative of this act of tearing off the bark of trees, the Aryan people had a root *DAR*; in Greek, *δαίρω*; in English, to *tear*. Being chiefly interested in trees because they could thus be peeled and shaped and rendered useful, they called a tree in Sanskrit *dru*; in Greek, *δρῦς*; in Gothic, *triu*; in English, *tree*. This was but one out of many names that could be applied to trees for various reasons, more or less important in the eyes of the Aryan savages; and here, even for the sake of argument, I cannot bring myself to admit that any animal could have done the same. We must bear in mind that there is really nothing in nature corresponding to tree. If it simply meant what could be shaped, there are hundreds of things that can in various ways be shaped. If it was confined to trees, there are again hundreds of trees, oaks, beeches, fir-trees, etc.; but no human eye has ever seen a tree, nor could any artist give us an idea of what a tree may be as a mere phantasma in the mind of man or animal.\*

\* Lectures on the Science of Language, i., p. 8.

\* Taine, De l'Intelligence, i., p. 27.

If all this is true, it follows that no concept, not even the concept of so simple an object as a tree, was possible without a name. It was by being named, that is, by having one of its prominent features singled out or abstracted, and brought under the root *DAR*, to tear, that the blurred image, left on the memory after repeated sensations, became known, became definite, received a handle for the purposes of thought and speech. And what was the result? The result was that with the name there arose in the mind, not a sensation, not an image — for think what such an image would have been — but what we call a concept, when we speak to ourselves without vibrations of the vocal chords, but what is called a word, when uttered aloud. If we distinguish, therefore, at all between concepts and words, we are bound to say that concepts are due to words, they are words *minus* sound, and not, as most philosophers will have it, that words are due to concepts, that they are concepts *plus* sound. It is only because to think aloud is to speak that to speak *soito voce* may be called to think. All this was perfectly known, as far as the general principle is concerned. I believe that even Berkeley's ingenious views of general ideas might easily be translated into our language. He maintains that general ideas do not exist at all; so do we. He then proceeds to say that what we call general ideas are particular ideas with a word attached to them. So do we,\* only that we have learned how this process took place. It could not be done by taking a sound at random and attaching it to a particular idea, for the simple reason that there were no such sounds in the market. But if Berkeley had known the results of the science of language, he would, I believe, have been perfectly satisfied with the process, as described before, of bring one feature of the particular idea under a root, and thus raising that particular into a general idea at the same time that the root was raised into a word.

We could come to an understanding with Locke also, when he says that "words become general by being made the signs of general ideas,"† if only he could be made to see that the same object which he has in view can be attained by saying that ideas become general by being signed with a word.

Nor should I despair of establishing a perfect agreement with M. Taine, if only

he would leave the modern Parisian nursery and follow me into the distant caves of our Aryan ancestors. Nothing can be more brilliant than the way in which he describes the process of generalization going on in the mind of a child.\* He describes how the nurse, on showing a dog to a child, says *oua-oua*, how the child's eyes follow the nurse's gestures, how he sees the dog, hears his bark, and how, after a few repetitions which form his apprenticeship, the two images, that of the dog and that of the sound, become, according to the law of the association of images, associated permanently in his mind. Thus, when he sees the dog again, he imagines the same sound, and by a kind of imitative instinct he tries to utter the same sound. When the dog barks, the child laughs and is enchanted, and he feels all the more tempted to pronounce the sound of the animal which strikes him as new, and of which he had hitherto heard a human imitation only. Up to this point there is nothing original or superior; the brain of every mammal is capable of similar associations. What is peculiar to man is that the sound associated by him with the perception of a certain individual is called forth again, not only by the sight of exactly similar individuals, but likewise by the presence of distinctly different individuals, though with regard to certain features belonging to the same class. In fact, analogies which do not strike an animal, strike man. The child says *oua-oua* at the sight of the dog belonging to the house. Soon he says *oua-oua* at the sight of poodles, pugs, and Newfoundland dogs. A little later the child will say *oua-oua* to a toy dog which is made to bark by some kind of mechanism, and this no animal would do. Even a toy dog which does not bark, but moves on wheels — nay, a dog made of bronze, standing motionless and dumb in the drawing-room, a small friend walking on all fours in the nursery, lastly a mere drawing, will evoke the same sound.

All this is true, perfectly true; and M. Taine may be quite right in maintaining that the discoveries of Oken, Goethe, and Newton are in the end due to the same power of discovering analogies in nature. I follow him even when he sums up in the following words: —

To discover relations between most distant objects, to disentangle most delicate analogies, to establish common features in the most dissimilar things, to isolate most abstract

\* Science of Thought, p. 259.

† Loc. cit., p. 259.

\* Loc. cit., p. 245.

qualities, all these expressions have the same meaning, and all these operations can be traced back to the name being evoked by perceptions and representations possessing the slightest resemblances, to the signal being roused by an almost imperceptible stimulant, to the mental word appearing in court at the first summons.

With certain restrictions all these observations made among children of the present day apply with equal force to the children of our race.\* When, for instance, such a word as *dru*, tree, had once been formed, supposing that at first it was meant for such trees only as could be peeled and smoothed and fashioned into some useful tools, it would soon be transferred to all trees, whatever their wood. After that it might become specialized again, as we see in Greek, where *δρῦς* means chiefly oak, and in Lithuanian, where it means pine.† On the other hand, we see a word such as *oak*, after it had taken its definite meaning, becoming generalized again, and being used in Icelandic for trees in general.

With regard to all this I see no difference between M. Taine's views and my own, and I likewise fully agree with him when he explains how in the end every word, before it is used for philosophical purposes, has to be carefully defined.‡

There is, however, some new and important light which the science of language has thrown on this old problem, and which, if M. Taine had taken it into account, would have enabled him, not only to establish his own views more firmly, but to extend them far beyond the narrow walls of our modern nurseries. The science of language has clearly shown that every word coincides from the very beginning with a general concept. While formerly the admission that thought was impossible without words was mostly restricted to general and abstract terms, we can now extend it to singular terms likewise, in fact to the whole of our language, with the exception of interjections and what are called demonstrative elements. That no one could think whiteness, goodness, or even humanity or brutality, was generally admitted, even by those who hesitated to admit that no thought was possible without language. But now that we can prove historically that even a tree could not have been

named except as coming under the general term of tearing, peeling, shaping, or, in other cases, of feeding, sheltering, or growing, no wavering or haggling is any longer possible. All our words are conceptual, all our concepts are verbal; this is what nominalism postulated without being able to prove it, that is what nominalism has proved by means of the discoveries which a comparative study of languages has placed at our disposal, and which no scepticism can touch. From the first, comparative philology had no such ulterior objects in view. It confined itself to a careful collection of facts, to the analysis of all that had become purely formal, to the discovery of the constituent elements of language, to the establishment of the genealogical relationship of all members of the same family of speech; but beyond this it did not mean to go. When, however, some of the results at which comparative philology had arrived quite independently, were found to be almost identical with the teachings of some of the most authoritative philosophers; when it was found, for instance, that while Locke maintained that animals had no general ideas because they had no words, the science of language had arrived at the conclusion that animals had no words because they had no general ideas,\* the science of language became *ipso facto* the science of thought, and language and thought were recognized once more as two faces of the same head.

The consequences which follow by necessity from this recognition of the identity of thought and language, and which I was anxious to put forward as strongly as possible in my "Science of Thought," may, no doubt, have startled some philosophers, whose chief strength lies in the undefined use of words. But that theory itself could never have startled a careful student of the history of philosophy. It is a very old friend with a new face, and had a right to expect a different reception.

To the Greeks, we know, it was so natural to look upon language and thought as two sides of the same thing, that we can hardly appeal to them as conscious upholders of such a theory. As they used *logos* in both senses, as discourse, whether internal or external, their knowledge of the identity of language and thought came to them by intuition rather than by reflection. They had never been led astray as we have been; hence they had not to discover the right way.

\* Lectures on the Science of Language, i. 65.

\* See also L. M. Billia, Due Risposte al Prof. Angelo Valdarnini intorno a una pretesa contraddizione fra la dottrina ideologica e la psicologia del Rosmini. Torino, 1887, p. 14.

† Biographies of Words, p. 258.

‡ Loc. cit., i. 39, 57.

Still, whenever Greek philosophers come to touch on this question, they speak with no uncertain tone, though even then they are generally satisfied with stating the truth, without attempting to prove what, in their eyes, seemed hardly to require any proof — namely, the identity of language and thought.

In the "Sophist," Plato begins by showing how language (*λόγος*) may be true or false, and only after having proved this, does he proceed to show that thought and imagination also may be true or false. For, he proceeds, "thought (*διάνοια*) is the same as language, with this exception, that thought is the conversation of the soul with herself which takes place without voice, while the stream which, accompanied by sound, flows from thought through the lips is called language (*λόγος*)." He then defines opinion (*δόξα*) as the result of thinking (*διανοίας ἀποτέλειντος*), and imagination (*φαντασία*) as the union of opinion and sensation. In this way only, that is, by proving that thought, opinion, and imagination are closely akin to language, does he establish in the end that, as language has been proved to be either true or false, thought, opinion, and imagination also may be true or false.

Whether Plato could not have established the possibility of truth and falsehood in thought, opinion, and imagination by a simpler and shorter process, is not the question which concerns us here. What concerns us is the perfect assurance with which he identifies here, as well as in the "Theaetetus" (190),\* speech (*λόγος*) and thought (*διάνοια*), an assurance which seems to be shared by his latest translator, Professor Jowett, when finding fault with Hegel because "he speaks as if thought, instead of being identical with language, was wholly independent of it."†

Now, therefore, when it will hardly be safe to say any longer that the identity of language and thought is something quite unheard of, a paradox, a mere perversity (all these expressions have been used by men who call themselves philosophers, and even professors of philosophy), the next step will probably be to treat it as a mere question of words.

And, indeed it is a question of words, but in the true sense of that word.‡

\* "What do you mean by thinking?" "I mean by thinking the conversation which the soul holds with herself in thinking of anything. . . . I say, then, that to form an opinion is to speak, and opinion is a word spoken, I mean, to oneself and in silence, not aloud, or to another."

† Plato, vol. iv., p. 430. Hegel, however, said: "We think in names;" see Science of Thought, p. 45.

‡ "Ein Wortstreit entsteht daraus, weil ich die

If we use *thought* promiscuously for every kind of mental process, it stands to reason that to say that thought is impossible without language would be absurd. To feel pain and pleasure is an inward mental process, to see and hear are inward mental processes; to stare at the images of present and past events, to build castles in the air, to feed on such stuff as dreams are made of — all this might certainly be brought under the general category of mental activity. For ordinary purposes we need not be too particular about language, and, if people like to call all this *thinking*, why should we object? I, myself, when there can be no misunderstanding, use *thought* in that general sense, and use the word *mind* for all that is going on within us, whether sensation, perception, conception, or naming.\* I did not, therefore, put on my title-page, "No thought without language," but "No reason without language," and I did so after having defined reason as the addition and subtraction of conceptual words.

But though admitting this general meaning of *thinking*, we should carefully distinguish it from its more special and technical use, when it becomes synonymous with reasoning, and is, in fact, speaking *sotto* or *sensa voce*. Whenever there is danger of misapprehension, it is decidedly better to avoid it by definition, but in most cases it is quite clear whether to *think* is used in its general or in its special sense. If, therefore, it is said that the question of the identity of thought and language is a mere question of words, I say, yes, it is; but so is every question of philosophy, if rightly understood. Words are terms, and only if rightly determined do they enable us to reason rightly. Let the word *thought* be rightly defined, and let the word *language* be rightly defined, and their identity will require no further proof; for, when we maintain their identity, we do not mean by language mere sound, nor do we mean by thought mere sensation or imagination, but knowledge of something that can neither be felt nor imagined, and can only be signified. We can never see nor can we imagine *tree*, *dog*, *man*, *triangle*, *polygon*, *parallelipiped*, and all the rest of our dictionary. Then what are *tree*, *dog*, *man*, and all the rest? They are names (*nomina = gnomina*), that is, acts of knowledge, and of that peculiar class of

Sachen unter andern Kombinationen sentire und drum, ihre Relativität ausdrückend, sie anders benennen muss." (Goethe an Lavater, 1774.)

\* Science of Thought, p. 20.

knowledge which cannot possibly have anything corresponding to it in sensuous perception or imagination, because it has always reference to something which we discover in and lift out from percepts in order to signify whole classes of percepts, but never any real and individual percept. We can afterwards use these names, and say, for instance, this is a tree, this is a dog; but *tree* and *dog*, which we thus predicate, are general and abstract terms; they are not *the* fir-tree or *the* poodle dog which our sensation and imagination present to us.

I hope that, after this definition of the true meaning of language and thought, the usual result will follow, and that my critics will say that, if I meant no more than that, no one would think of differing from me, and that I have only myself to blame for not having made my meaning clear. I am quite willing to take that blame so long as I may agree with my adversaries quickly. If people will only see what "a question of words" really means, I believe there will soon be peace among all contending philosophical parties.

But, unfortunately, we think but too much in words, and almost let them think for us, instead of making them completely our own. We take our words as they come to us by inheritance, and we trust that other people will take them in the same sense in which we use them.

And yet nothing is more certain than that two people hardly ever take the same word in the same sense, and that just the most important words are often used in entirely different senses by different philosophers. Hence all our misunderstandings, all our quarrellings, all our so-called systems of philosophy, every one differing from the other, and yet all starting from the same given facts, all collected by the same eyes and the same minds!

If all philosophers used the same words in the same sense, their conclusions would differ a little as the conclusions of mathematicians. A mathematician knows exactly what is the meaning of the terms with which he operates, while philosophers will hardly ever condescend to define the terms which they use. We wonder why mathematicians always arrive at the same results, or, if they do not, why they can always discover the mistakes they have made. But how could it be otherwise? Even their highest problems, which completely stagger the unmathematical mind, consist in the end in nothing but addition and subtraction. Our

reasoning also, even when it reaches the highest metaphysical problems, consists in nothing but addition and subtraction. What else could it consist in? But there is this difference, that, while the mathematician adds and subtracts values which are defined within the strictest limits, the philosopher adds and subtracts values which are often not defined at all, or defined within the vaguest limits. If the metaphysician does not actually play with loaded dice, he often uses dice which he has never examined, and which, for all he knows, may have been marked rightly or wrongly by those who placed them in his hands. If all our words were defined as triangles, squares, and spheres are in geometry, - or as 1999 is in arithmetic, philosophy would soon become a worthy rival of mathematics.

The only hope of peace and of an understanding between various schools of philosophy lies in definition, and definition ought at the present moment to be the chief employment of all honest philosophers.

But we want more than definition — we want a thorough purification of language. A perfect language ought to be like a perfect alphabet. As in a perfect alphabet the same letter ought always to have one and the same sound, and the same sound ought always to be represented by one and the same letter, so, in a perfect language, the same word ought always to have one and the same meaning, and the same meaning ought always to be represented by one and the same word. I know all poets will cry out against this heresy, but I am speaking of philosophical, not of poetical, language.

Languages suffer from wealth even more than from poverty. The human mind is so made that it is always inclined to presuppose a difference of meaning where there is a difference of names. Because we have a number of names to signify what is going on within us, such as spirit, mind, understanding, intelligence, and reason, philosophers have made every kind of effort to show how each differs from the rest, till we seem to have ever so many pigeon-holes within us, and ever so many pigeons hatching their eggs in them, instead of one undivided mental activity, applied to different objects.

While here confusion is due to too great a wealth of expression, we saw before how the employment of the word *language* in totally different senses, or poverty of expression, played equal havoc with our thoughts. If we can speak of the lan-

guage of the eyes, of the language of silence, of the language of flowers, of the language of animals, no wonder that we forget altogether the distinctive meaning of language when used in the definite sense of expression of conceptual thought by conceptual words. Let this definition of language be granted, and ever so many books might have remained unwritten. We are all dealing with the same facts when we say that animals have no language, while others say they have language. We may go on forever collecting anecdotes of parrots and jackdaws, we shall never come to a mutual understanding. But let language be once defined, and all wrangling will cease. If language is defined as communication in general, we shall all agree that animals have language. If language means human language, conceptual language, language derived from roots, then we shall all agree that animals have no language.

But it is not only in philosophy that we want a *katharsis* of human speech; it is wanted in every sphere of human thought. Think of the different meanings attached to the word *gentleman*. From the most opposite quarters, from high and low, you hear the expression, "He is a gentleman," or "He is not a gentleman." If you venture to doubt, or are bold enough to ask for a definition of gentleman, you run a considerable risk of being told that you are not a gentleman yourself if you do not know what gentleman means. Yet the butler will call you a gentleman if you give him ten shillings instead of half-a-crown; your friends will doubt whether you are a gentleman if you indulge in that kind of mental generosity. And if there is this haze about the meaning of gentleman, think of the polychromatic iridescence that plays round the name of *lady*. The best we can do when we are asked to define that word is to say that it cannot be defined, and that to define means to destroy its charm, which can be felt only, but cannot be analyzed.

If you wish to see a real confusion of tongues, you need not go to the plain in the land of Shinar, but read any article on art in any of our leading reviews. If you were to ask for a definition of almost any word used in these reviews, whether nice, sweet, charming, felicitous, exquisite, lovely, heavenly, or realistic, warm, throbbing, bewitching, killing, and all the rest, you would fare very badly. You would be called a pedant, or an ignoramus, and you would require no definition of what is meant by *these* words.

Look for a moment at political language. An eminent politician has lately spoken in rapturous terms about the name of Home Rule. He called it so delightful a term, so apt, so full of meaning. To others it seems the most stupid word that has lately been invented, and exactly for the same reason — namely, because it is so full, so brimful of meaning. Define Home Rule, and if we do not all of us become Home Rulers at once, we shall at all events be able to compare notes, to arrive at a mutual understanding, and to find out what is practicable and what is not. Every individual, every home, every town, every county has a right to so much individual liberty, to so much Home Rule, to so much municipal freedom, to so much county government as is compatible with the vital interests of the commonwealth. All individual claims that clash with the welfare of the larger communities must be surrendered, some for a time, others in perpetuity. Home Rule in its undefined meaning is certainly brimful of meaning, but these words overflowing with meaning are exactly the most bewildering and the most misleading terms. Home Rule may mean liberty, independence, self-government, and a careful regard to local interests. In that sense we are all Home Rulers. But it may also mean license, sedition, and selfishness — and in that sense, I hope the number of Home Rulers is very small in the United Kingdom of Ireland, Scotland, and England.

But much more serious consequences may follow from a careless use of words. Politics, after all, are but a small section of ethics, and we have lately seen a complete system of ethics built up on the ambiguous use of the word *good*. No doubt, a knife, or a gun, or a house may be called good, if they are well adapted to cut, to shoot, and to shelter. We may also speak of actions as good or bad, not in a moral sense, but simply as answering their purpose. A shot, for instance, may be called a good shot, if it is well aimed, and well delivered, even though it should be the shot of a murderer. The first arrow which William Tell let fly at the apple on the head of his son was a good shot, but there was no moral element in it, because the father acted under constraint. But if he had wounded his son, and then, as he intended, had shot the second arrow at Gessler, that might likewise have been a good shot, in one sense, but, from a moral point of view, it would have been murder.

But to say that moral actions also are called good or bad according as the ad-

justments of acts to ends are or are not efficient, is mere jugglery with words. *Good* has two meanings, and these two meanings should be kept carefully apart. Good may mean useful, but good also means what is anything but useful or profitable; and it is goodness in that sense which moral philosophy has to account for. It is quite open to any philosopher to say that nothing should be called good except what is in some sense or other useful. But in that case the meaning of usefulness ought to be properly defined; we ought not to imagine that, because we use the same word, we are thinking the same thought. Now, how does our utilitarian philosopher define moral usefulness? He maintains that as the preservation and prolongation of our own life are our *summum bonum*, any acts conducing to this should be called good. Here many people would question the statement that preservation, and, more particularly, prolongation, of life beyond a certain term could always be called the highest good; but, even admitting this, we might indeed call cannibalism useful, for the preservation and prolongation of life, but we should hardly call it good.

It is different when we come to consider the two other spheres of action in which we are told that any acts useful for the preservation and prolongation of life of our own offspring, and of our fellow-creatures, should be called good.

Here we must again distinguish. Any act for the benefit of our own offspring may be useful, wise, and prudent, and, if well conceived and carefully carried out, may be called good, in one sense. But not till we know the motive, should we call it good in the other sense. In a primitive state of society children constituted the wealth and strength of a family, and to feed them and keep them from danger was no more meritorious than the feeding and keeping of slaves and cattle. From a purely utilitarian point of view, however, it would be useful, and therefore good, not to rear weak or crippled children, but to kill them, and here for the first time real goodness comes in. Real goodness is always, in some form or other, unselfishness. The unselfishness of a mother in bringing up a child that must always be a trouble and burden to her may be very misguided, anything but good in the eyes of those who interpret good as useful; but nevertheless, so long as the word *good* exists, it has always been applied to such acts.

In this case, however, the psychologist

may still discover traces of selfishness in the natural love of a mother. But in the third sphere of action, in our endeavor to preserve and prolong the life of our fellow-creatures, or, more correctly, in our endeavors to promote their general happiness, we can easily distinguish between acts that ought to be called good, simply in the sense of useful, and acts that ought to be called good, in the sense of unselfish. A man who fulfils the general duties necessary for keeping a community together may be called a good, that is, a useful citizen. He is useful to society, but he is useful also to himself, as a member of that society. A man, however, who, like Marcus Curtius, jumped into the abyss in order to save Rome, may no doubt he called a fool by utilitarian philosophers, but the Romans called him good, and we too must call him unselfish. And a man who, like Gordon, remained at his post, trusting in his God and in his country, may be called a madman: but no one would dare to call him selfish, and posterity will keep for him a place of honor among the heroes, among the martyrs, among the good men of England.

Philosophers are perfectly justified in attempting to build up systems of ethics on utilitarian and hedonistic principles. We should not even contest their right to give a new definition of *goodness*, and to say that with them it shall mean nothing but *usefulness*. But they must not play with language, and tell us that what the world meant by *good* was never more than what they mean by *useful*. On the contrary, the word *good* was framed originally to signify acts which were not useful, nay, which might be detrimental to the agent, and which, nevertheless, require our approval. Their usefulness depends on the means which we employ, goodness on the objects which we have in view. We may call useful what is selfish, we can never call what is selfish good.

There is no sphere of mental activity which does not stand in need of the corrective influence of the science of thought. If soldiers must look to their swords, philosophers will have to look to their words. I know that here, as elsewhere, inquiry into the supply, and a vigorous test of the efficiency of words will be declared a nuisance, will be resisted and resented as an insult. But, in spite of all that, it will come, in some departments of thought it has already come, and in the future battles of the world good swords and good words will carry the day.

F. MAX MULLER.

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CRUISING AND DREDGING.

OUR boat was an eight-ton yawl. The cruise lasted six days, from Monday to Saturday. Its course lay between Poole Harbor and Ryder Pier, to and fro across the Solent, along both coasts, and up Southampton Water. Our ship's company consisted of four landmen and a sailor. The latter knew every creek along the south coast. Tides and currents, which from Portland Bill to Portsmouth are most peculiar, he thoroughly understood. The yawl was rigged fore and aft; it carried mizen, mainsail, foresail, jib, and, when the wind was fair, a balloon-sail. The following was our equipment: A cabin in the forecastle and a locker in the stern; a seat all round the well and two seats athwart; a hammock, a mattress, and a small feather bed (at the latter some of us at first laughed, but it proved useful); sheets, rugs, waterproofs, folding-chairs, changes of flannels, an ample store of food, two cooking-stoves, a dredge, fishing-lines, a microscope, a tow-net, a basket of bottles, and a jar of methylated spirits for the stoves and for specimens. A handy little punt followed in our wake, in which we frequently landed, but we had neither meal nor bed on shore. We were busy men, with neither time nor money to squander, anxious to make the most of a brief holiday, and fully persuaded that cruising in an open boat must be as good for tired servants as, long ago, it proved to be for the tired Master.

The editor of this review, departing somewhat from traditional custom, permits the publication of this story, not merely because of any interest it may possess, but as an example which young men may usefully imitate. The story given is an exact statement of fact, without any fictitious coloring whatsoever.

Poole Harbor, from whence we sailed, is a place of beauty which deserves to be better known. One might pleasantly spend a whole week exploring the coast of a hundred miles which cuts so large a piece out of the charming Dorset County. The sailing-boat would need a canoe for the countless creeks, a pair of mud-boots for the flats at low water, a dredge for the harbor bottom, a gun — or, better still, an eye — for the curious birds which still frequent the silent shores, and lines for fishing. A friend familiar with the stories and legends of the surrounding country, and a fisherman conversant with the ins and outs of the harbor, would add to the enjoyment of the voyage. But the explo-

ration of Poole Harbor is a pleasure yet to come.

At midday, late in July of last year, before a favoring breeze and under a cloudless sky, we sailed. In less than an hour we crossed the once rich oyster-beds, passed Branksea Island, where Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck reigns supreme, and were out in the open bay, with Bournemouth to the east, Old Harry chalk rocks to the west, and the Isle of Wight right ahead. We were only just in time. The treacherous breeze died away. The sails hung empty aloft. The sea fell into glassy calmness.

As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean

the Good Wit lay, leaving her crew ample time for the examination of the contents of the tow-net, which, as the wind slackened, had been trawled below the surface of the water.

A tow-net is a simple contrivance for capturing the minute creatures which, on warm, quiet days, come to the surface of the sea. It consists of two conical nets of fine muslin open at both ends, the inner one about eight inches in depth, the outer a few inches longer, and both about one foot in diameter at their widest. The nets are sewn securely to a brass ring. The smaller net opens into the larger, which is tied to the neck of a wide-mouthed bottle.

The month of July is usually suitable for tow-net work. But at the time of our cruise the water was cold — colder than we have known it in November — and life in the ocean was not nearly so abundant, or so far advanced in development, as it ordinarily is at that season of the year. Still, on this particular day, we were fortunate to capture a few "wee beasties," whose performances in tube or trough served to amuse a passing hour.

Who that has seen a cydippe can forget the mystic beauty of its shadowy outline, or the gracefulness of its movements? A crystalline globe, slightly elongated, three quarters of an inch in diameter, with lines of flashing cilia running from pole to pole, and two long streamers, also fringed with cilia, shooting in and out; the whole organism so ghost-like in substance that exposure to the sunshine for a few moments only will evaporate it to nothing. And this is but one of many varieties of the creature popularly known as a "jelly-fish." Some of them are so small that only a microscope will reveal their presence; others are large enough to fill a

large bucket. Some are quite simple in structure, — a mere concave sheet of gelatine, with a faint indication of stomach in the centre of the inner surface, and a slight fringe of cilia around the inner rim; whilst others have long and elaborately twisted appendages. Many of these strange creatures are now known to be first forms of an animal life which, when it has undergone its complete cycle of changes, will present an appearance as different from the jelly-fish as an oak-tree differs from an acorn, or a hen from an egg.

The bottle of a tow-net is the marine naturalist's infant school, in which he is able to study the babyhood of some of his most interesting friends. Anything more unlike a crab than the newly hatched zoeæ crab, one can scarcely imagine. So also a young prawn, or lobster, or sea-urchin, or star-fish, is wanting in any one feature suggestive of the creature in its final and best-known form. For instance, this complicated little organism, all spines and legs and arms, jerking itself to and fro in a shallow trough under the microscope, in all probability is the young form of a crab — perhaps of the great spider crab which abounds on this coast, as the Poole mackerel-nets testify. Before it arrives at the dignity of full age, it will have to undergo as many metamorphoses as a human baby boy, getting rid of "long clothes," "short coats," petticoats, round jackets, and many another childish investment, until, finally, in all the glory of crustacean court-dress, full-armed and radiant in color, it goes forth to lord it right royally and hungrily over most of the denizens of the deep.

A sleeping porpoise, with its dorsal fin above the water, drifting dreamily with the tide, passes within gunshot. Two weird shrieks, breaking the silence of the summer sea, reveal a pair of diving birds. They are sitting jauntily on the water under our stern. Do they know that "close time" has forbidden the bringing of a gun on board? Ah! With heads ducked downwards, and legs stretched straight out aloft, down they go into the clear green depths. How long they remain under water! Let us hope that their plunge has not been in vain. The next time you visit the Zoological Gardens, go at five o'clock, to the Aquarium, and you will see a pair of these same birds, and several penguins, catching and swallowing their fish supper.

Away to the eastward, a long, rough streak appears on the surface of the sea.

At first, our pilot thinks it must be a school of mackerel breaking. But presently he changes his mind and pronounces it to be a breeze. In a few minutes the wind fills our idle sails, and away we rush, with the tide also in our favor, for the Needles.

It is worth while risking even sea-sickness to sail from Old Harry to the Needles — from the broken chalk rocks of Dorset to the broken chalk rocks of the Isle of Wight. And of all times a summer's evening, with the sun low in the west, and the moon rising over the Wight; with a breeze sufficient to touch the almost emerald green of the southern sea with silver crests, and here and there a companion yacht with its white sails set — of all times this is the pleasantest. How gently the lights change and the colors come and go, above in the sky and abroad over sea and land! What soft sweet music of wind and wave plays around the boat! How far away are all the discordant cries and roars of the city life out of which we came but three days ago!

But the flash-light of the Needles light-house, changing from red to white, warns us that we are nearing the end of our first day's cruise. Pull in the tow-net. Pack up the bottled specimens and the microscope, and make ready to drop anchor. We must resign all hope of lying off Yarmouth to-night. The tide is nearly spent, and, although the breeze is strong, it is not nearly strong enough to enable our yawl to contend against the rush of the tide when it shall turn against us, as our pilot declares it will do in half an hour. We may be thankful to have got so far inside the Needles as Totland Bay, with its good anchorage and safe shelter.

"And where did you sleep?" asks the gentle reader. "Sleep! Where should we sleep but on board our own yacht?" — "Do you mean to say that the entire crew of the Good Wit slept in that one little cuddy?" Certainly not. The "fo'castle" we resigned to its lawful owner, the pilot, where in sailorly comfort he slept in spite of the howling of the wind and the noise of the sea and, at times, the still louder tumult of his crew. As for the rest of us, with the boom of the mainsail, the balloon-sail, and the jib, we turned the open boat into a roomy, well-ventilated, and most cosy tent — quite as comfortable for able-bodied men as the most stylish saloon in the whole fleet of the Royal Yacht Club, and, Dr. Richardson and the gypsies being witnesses, far healthier. Over the floor of the boat we spread a waterproof

sail; on this lay the mattress and feather-bed—the latter at the foot of the tent-bed for warmth. In due course came sheets, rugs, and waterproofs. Above and across this “bed for three” we slung the hammock diagonally, so that it swung some six or eight inches above the biggest sleeper’s body. Then we went to bed; three below, and one above. At first the “captain,” as was meet, took the place of honor in the hammock; and the rest lay side by side, like babes in the wood, below. The first night, two of the crew, being family men, and entertaining some natural fear concerning damp sheets and draughts, went to bed “in their hats and their hosen.” Afterwards they grew bolder, and slept the better. Never shall we forget the amazement with which we beheld one of our number coolly strip, and array himself in usual night-apparel. “Well,” said the pilot, who was a critical spectator of our proceedings, “that beats all as ever I did see. Here’s a gen’leman putting on his night-shirt in an open boat.” It must be confessed that the only man who slept soundly that night was the pilot. Soberly enough we went to our resting-places, thankful for all mercies and trustful for the guardian care which our novel situation compelled us to feel was specially needful. But presently a stream of story-telling and laughter swept sleep to the winds. Should we ever thus cruise again our experience would lead us to enforce a rigid ship’s law of silence. Regularity in feeding and sleeping is essential to perfect health even in an open boat.

Between two and three o’clock in the morning we turned out. The full moon was shining in a cloudless sky. The breeze had risen almost to half a gale. The yawl was rocking and pitching remorselessly. The beauty of the scene and the silence of the night, broken only by moan of wind and lap of water, rebuked our merriment. So we lay down again—the others below and ourself in the hammock, where, after counting the rockings in one direction and the pitchings in another, and musing over the mystery of their recurrence in apparently regular series of sequences, we fell into a dreamy doze, in which the sea was transformed into mother’s hand, and the music of its waves into a cradle-song. That was our only sleepless night.

By five o’clock we were astir, looking with some apprehension at the sky, which, by this time, was tumultuously cloudy, and also at the sea, which across the shingles and far to the eastward was roll-

ing up heavy white breakers. Leaving “captain” and pilot to clear away the sleeping-gear and boil the kettle, the rest of us went ashore in the punt.

A pleasant little place is Totland Bay, with its tiny pier and clean coastguard station, and grey, shingly beach, and low, crumbling crags, and pretty houses dotting the hillside, and nowhere, as yet, massed together. Lord Tennyson’s house is not more than half an hour’s walk away. One could easily imagine the poet, in the early morning of a day cold and cloudy, walking down to this very spot, or over the downs of Headon Hill to Alum Bay, and writing:—

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold grey stones, O sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman’s boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

But after all, the poet is not perfectly true to nature. For, just in proportion as the outward scene reflects the inward sorrow for “vanished hands and voices gone,” so will “the tender grace of a day that is dead” come back to us with soothing, heart-renewing power. Walking with bare feet on the wet sand, paddling in the rock-pools, turning up these same “cold grey stones” in search of crabs and zoophytes, or climbing the hill to the flag-staff, “the tender grace” of bygone days comes back with the sweetness of a morning psalm. Many a happy hour have we spent here or hereabouts. And where better could a weary man, who loves nature and hates artificiality, fix himself for the time of his rest (if fixed he must be) than here, inside the western end of the Solent? If he is a geologist, he has a finer series of sections here, at Alum Bay, at Bembridge, at Whitecliff Bay, and across the water at Barton, than he will find anywhere else in England, at least within the same limited space. If he is an entomologist, he may satiate his lepidopteral, coleopteral, and hymenopteral appetite. Should botany be his hobby,

from here to Freshwater Gate, or across the water under the lee of the New Forest, he may fill his case every day, and always find some treasure not to be found everywhere, and possibly, even at this time of day, after all that has been done, he may alight on a new unnamed variety. Whilst always there will be the ever-changing sea and the solemn chalk cliffs, the rolling downs and little wooded dells and lanes, ships and boats, and gentle peasants and kindly fishermen. Railways are not here, nor tramways — nothing to recall the busy world, save an occasional steamer shaking the timbers of the pier, and a daily coach-and-four, which, if he must have variety, will carry him for a few shillings over the bare hills, by the glorious Undercliff, from Freshwater to Blackgang Chine and Ventnor.

But, whilst we are dreaming and moralizing, the tide has risen. Our punt, which we pulled up on the shingle and made fast to a pier-pile, is afloat. Unless we get her away the barnacles encrusting the pile will grind a hole in her side. Besides, the kettle by this time must be boiling, and our inner man is sounding an unmistakable breakfast gong. What a meal that was! How sweet the home-made loaf, one of six, which our captain's mother baked for our cruise! If Charles Lamb had been aboard the Good Wit on that memorable morning, what an elegy he would have written on the pig who lived long enough to grow such a leg, and on the beech-trees which shed their wealth of fruit for his fattening. With what gladness and thankfulness we ate our morning meal, whilst the breeze rustled through the open end of the boat-tent, and the waves, gently rocking the cups, made spoons a superfluous luxury. How true it is, in lower senses as well as in the highest, that men must "turn and become children" before they can enter the little heavens — havens of sweetest rest and gladness, which ever and anon our Heavenly Father opens to his tired laborers. Surely, my lord poet, *this* is the grace of a day which, though dead, lives again.

By eight o'clock on Tuesday morning we were again under weigh, with the wind blowing strongly from the north-east, and a lumpy sea in the offing. Before starting, the ship was made snug and tidy; for even those least familiar with Solent-sailing could not fail to see that as soon as we were clear of the bay we might at any moment ship heavy seas. What mystic exhilaration there is in a stiff breeze — stiff enough to lay a boat well over on her

side, so that she seems to be listening to the confidential whispers of the waves! And what a thrill of joy when the boat, in a sudden burst of gladness, ducks her bowsprit into a wave, and flings an avalanche of white spray into the mainsail! How curious the sensation when a long wave, advancing from the windward with silent remorselessness of power, sweeps under the bow, and the boat, rising like a bird on the crest of the wave, courtesies into the trough of the sea! With what merry mischievousness she shakes her sides, tumbling her crew into a heap, baptizing them with spray, and rushing eagerly towards the next wave!

For a while the first mate held the tiller. But as we made headway, our pilot, being more practical than poetical, took command, and so skilfully steered us that only a minimum of ducking fell to our lot. Still, we had enough to make us appreciate our waterproofs and the thoughtful prevision which led the captain to order the stowing away of everything likely to suffer from a wetting. By noon, after a splendid beat to windward, we made the entrance to Southampton Water, and were not sorry to see the clouds clearing away, and the sun lighting up the forest with the glory of a summer's day. Simply for the joy of seeing and moving we sailed far up the Water. Turning, we came back and cast anchor off Netley Hospital. With sylph-like yachts and stately ships sailing to and fro, and fleecy clouds sweeping across the pure sky, and every tree on the western shore standing out in the golden light, and all the breadth of water in a ripple of dancing wavelets, we spread our table-cloth on the cover of the chest, and dined sumptuously. After dinner our first mate, who is an enthusiastic fisherman, coaxed some three dozen silver whiting and whiting-pout to exchange their free quarters among the mud and stones of the sea-bottom for the bondage of a dismal basket. Eventually, not being very clear as to our culinary skill, we bestowed our friend's catch upon a young mariner, whom we found fishing for eels from an anchored yacht. As a reward for our generosity, he brought to us a tiny collapsible boat, and explained its structure and usefulness. On another day we saw a number of the same ingenious contrivances, of much larger size, swinging from the davits of a troopship in Portsmouth Dockyard.

During the afternoon we made two excursions in the punt with dredge and tow-net. Originally it was thought that

our expedition might take the form of a dredging cruise, first across Studland Bay, then down the Solent, and finally on the southern side of the Isle of Wight. But the impossibility of finding room for the necessary apparatus, and especially the imperative necessity of keeping our boat as clean and dry as possible, if five men were to feed and sleep on board without risk to health and comfort, compelled us to reduce our trip to a simple cruise. The event proved that this decision was wise. To have attempted too much would have ruined our enjoyment. As it was, we had the satisfaction of completing our programme without a single drawback.

Here, permit us to say, that it is quite within the range of practicable holiday policy for young men who have some slight knowledge of boats, and for whom rough-and-ready methods and wholesome feeding and a spell of not immoderately hard physical exertion have an honest charm, to spend a week or a fortnight cruising in the Solent or down the south coast. Yachts, with steady, experienced seamen, are to be had at a not impossible price. The cost of living, dressing, and sight-seeing may be astonishingly small. Carefully selected company, an agreement never to sleep or feed ashore, loyalty to nature in every sense, and a resolute determination never to dream of being sea-sick or afraid, will go far to ensure immunity from harm, and an inconceivable amount of healthful enjoyment. Of course there are men so organized that sea-sickness is inevitable. It is said that Nelson, to the last year of his life, suffered whenever he put to sea. This present writer was at one time a martyr to sea-sickness — so much so, that to cross the Mersey on a Liverpool ferry-boat caused discomfort. Yet never, by day or by night, swinging in a hammock, or rolling about the deck in a heavy sea, did he feel the slightest qualm. The victory was won years ago. A big beefsteak, and a resolute facing of the heavy swell off the Land's End, routed the foe. Whether the beef actually had any part in the triumph may be open to doubt. Probably it was, in reality, a case of "faith-healing." The only fact clear to the writer's mind is, that from that time to this, on steamboat, yacht, or rowing-boat, in choppy Channel seas and rousing storms, he has had the good fortune to escape the landsman's misery. And very surely he believes that nine-tenths of our young men may, if they will make the effort, share his good luck.

Though dredging, strictly speaking,

had been eliminated from our programme, our kindly captain raised no objection to the presence on board of a small dredge bought some years ago from Mr. Ward of Manchester. It consists of a stout rim of galvanized iron, fifteen inches in length, four inches in width, three inches in depth, with a V-shaped brass wire at each end on the under side to prevent tipping over when the dredge lies on the sea-floor, and a fine-meshed net-bag eighteen inches in depth. A sinker is attached to the net, also a tuft of tow to catch minute organisms. Mr. Ward also supplied some sixty fathoms of stout cord. The whole apparatus may be stowed away in a small bag. Many a curious creature have we brought up by the help of this simple little dredge. On this expedition it furnished us with not a few prizes.

Southampton Water we found to resemble Poole Harbor, both in its fauna and flora. Rough little crabs with sharp noses and long spider-like legs, coated with minute weeds and zoophytes, came up among pebbles, empty shells, and cinders dropped from passing steamboats. Queer little fellows they were, all legs and arms, dingy and bristled, sprawling in an apparently helpless fashion; yet, like every other living thing, perfectly adapted to the life they have to live, and to the work which justifies, and therefore brightens, their existence. There were also any number of those mysterious lumps of life called *Tunicata* — members of that great family of *Ascidians* from which some evolutionists, by processes of reasoning best understood by themselves, derive the noble race of man. One of these we dissected in rough and ready fashion, and laid bare the digestive organs, and caught a glimpse — it could not be more — of the wonderful muslin-like fabric, through the cellular tissue of which the blood streams from left to right, and then — when, for a moment, the heart has ceased its beating, and the mystic life-engine has reversed its action — from right to left, and so on and on, ten minutes in one direction and then ten minutes in the opposite. Yet this creature, so full of life within, after it has passed through its earliest stages of metamorphosis, is rooted like a sponge, and never moves. The bottom of Poole Harbor, in certain places, is covered with a continuous undergrowth of these strange "sea-squirts," as the fishermen call them. Above their twin mouths waves a forest of tube-worms. The tubes are long leathern cases of a dull dun color, about an eighth of an inch in diameter, possessing

no other beauty than that of a smooth and rounded shapeliness. But when the water is still, and no foe is at hand, out of the mouth of each tube comes a crown of richly colored tentacles, each one ciliated down one side, all rhythmically sweeping the water for something to eat and something to breathe. Below, among their tangled roots, in nooks and crannies, other worms, some encased in stones and shells, and some bare, find safe shelter, and also other species of *Tunicata*, and exquisitely beautiful sponges, and zoophytes, and, usually, *Foraminifera*. But, strange to say, here in Southampton Water, and everywhere else in the Solent, the *Foraminifera*, during this last week in July, were conspicuous by their absence. This was only one of many similar phenomena observed both on land and sea, during this very remarkable summer. For instance, how was it that, with the exception of the first afternoon, on no one day did the tow-net yield results worth recording? Ordinarily, at this time of the year, the water swarms with life. Where were the shoals of large, handsome jelly-fishes which may usually be seen sailing past the piers of Ryde, Totland, and Alum Bay? The only jelly-fish we saw were two or three off Old Harry, and a fleet of abnormally small ones, far up in the shelter of Southampton Water. And, to take a single example from the land, where was our friend the common wasp? In July of the previous year, we had watched the storming, by a young trout-fishing enthusiast, of scores of wasps' nests. But this year we neither saw a wasp, nor heard of more than one being seen. Two days and a half we rambled in the New Forest, but neither there, nor in Dorset, nor in Hants, nor in country lanes north of London, did we see a single specimen. Green-winged *Aphides* swarmed everywhere. Even on the Royal Exchange, and at sea, three miles from land, we found them; but no wasps, and very few wild bees. It is said that the last time cholera visited England, there was a similar scarcity of wasps; but this, probably, was only a coincidence. This dearth of wasps may be due to two causes: first, to the exceptionally warm weather which came in the month of April, by which the hibernating brood-wasps were tempted to leave their summer quarters; and secondly, to the sudden burst of winterly cold which checked vegetation, saved the fruit-crop, and killed off the over-venturesome creatures, which, all too early, were setting about the work of rearing summer broods. If our use of the tow-net

was not accidentally unfortunate, it would seem to indicate that the water of the south coast, which all early morning bathers agree in describing as exceptionally cold to the very end of July, failed, like the land, to "bring forth abundantly."

Up through a whole fleet of yachts, the *Good Wit* sailed late in the afternoon, and cast anchor out of "the fair way," yet near to the town. Another yacht which came up at the same time was not so fortunate. It appeared to be manned and officered from the royal navy, and had a gay party of ladies and gentlemen on board. Instead of keeping well outside the light-ship, as, with a falling tide, it should have done, it struck straight across for the harbor, and, very much to our pilot's satisfaction, grounding on a mud bank, had to be ignominiously propped up with oars and spars.

After tea, three of us rowed over to the cigar-ships which lie at anchor opposite the town. The ship-keeper, a conglomerate of sailor, steward, carpenter, and engineer, after silencing a fierce black dog, welcomed us on board the larger of the two boats. Very curious was the information he gave us about the construction and hoped-for destiny of these costly experiments. For many years they have been lying in Southampton Water; whilst, in an office which exists somewhere solely on their behalf, plans have been drawn for lengthening and for other structural alterations. Meantime, the green weeds and barnacles, being simple, planless living things, multiply after their kind; and the salt sea-water bites its way into the stout iron sides; and the black dog barks at intruders; and our conglomerate friend draws his wages and hopes for the day when the most perfect marvel of speed and sea-worthiness which this sea-conquering century has produced shall go forth to astonish the world of yachtsmen and shipbuilders, and to repay her owner for all his vast outlay and patient experimenting. What will not men give and do for a hobby? If we Christian men were as pertinacious and self-sacrificing "for Christ's sake," how rapidly would moral and social problems vanish from the category of the "impossible"!

But interesting as may be the cigar-ships, they cannot compare for a moment with certain specimens of nature's mechanical ingenuity, which are waiting to be examined on board the *Good Wit*.

Intertwining with the drab, leathery cases of a colony of tube-worms, is a long, branched, feathery zoophyte. To the un-

assisted eye it looks exactly like a plant; but the whole structure—root, stem, fronds, and fruit—is, in reality, not only of animal origin, but the complex organism of a colony of living polyps. The stem is as truly alive as is your back-bone. This frond has its living functions as truly as your right arm. All these lovely little cups, arranged with such perfect symmetry along the fronds, are as full of life as are your fingers. Inside each cup, curled up beyond the reach of hungry skeleton shrimps, is a polyp, very simple in structure, growing out of the tube sent out from the parent tube which fills the semi-transparent stem. It consists of a stomach, armed with long hunting and butchering tentacles. If you are patient and quiet the whole apparatus will glide out of the cup, and then you will see that each tentacle is covered with minute, glassy protuberances, inside each one of which is coiled a long, fine thread, ending in a poison-dart, with which the creature can catch and kill its tiny prey. There seems to be no kind of relationship between this elegant plant-like colony of animals and the mushroom-like jelly-fish, which, by myriads, are at this moment silently swimming past the Good Wit. In reality, however, they are closely allied. In its earliest infancy this zoophyte was a simple, minute, shadowy bell, with a delicate vibrating fringe around its open mouth, its lips studded with rudimentary eyes, and its watery substance covered with an inconceivably fine network of thread-cells and nervous and muscular bands. It came out of one of the elongated ovaries which you may detect among the polyp-cups of the parent zoophyte, and began forthwith its life-work by throbbing and sailing and feeding, until, fastening on weed, or stone, or shell, or tube-worm, it passed through strange transformations, and grew into this hard, horny, fern-like zoophyte.

A long way higher up in the scale of life is this handsome, twelve-fingered, red starfish, which it would take many pages, and not a few hideous-looking words, fully to describe, but concerning which it is quite worth our while to learn a few curious leading facts.

You see how the creature turns up the tips of its fingers when you lift it out of the water? If you were taking your ease in the cool depths of a clear, weed-fringed pool, and a giant hand cast its shadow over you, and you suddenly felt yourself lifted where you objected to go, not un-

likely you would look up in terror and lift your hands deprecatingly. Now, although the star fish has neither hands nor head, it has both fingers and eyes; and when we ruthlessly meddle with it, both are uplifted, if not in anger, at least in something which looks very much like astonishment. The eyes of a jelly-fish are set, as we have seen, among the fringes of its curtain; but the eyes of a starfish are placed under the tips of its fingers; and when it lifts its fingers in protest against intruders, by so doing, it fixes upon them, if they did but know it, twelve piercing eyes, and, as a rule, continues to look with piteous fixedness of gaze until it dies. On the red bristling back of this starfish, a little way removed from the centre, you will find a little, rough, greyish disc. Examine it through a lens, and you will find that it is a fine strainer of hard lime. Through the minute holes of that strainer all the water must filter which the twelve canals, running up the fingers, need to supply the bladders by which the locomotive sucker-feet are worked. Among the stumpy little bristles protecting the back of the starfish are a number of three-pronged pincers, constantly snapping. No one knows certainly what purpose these singular organs serve; but, probably, they either catch dainty little morsels for food (or possibly for bait), or else enable the creature to keep itself clean and bright amidst surroundings which usually are none of the purest. These three curiosities of echinodermatan organization will suffice to prove that starfishes, and their cousins the sea-urchins and feather-stars, are well worth catching and studying. Even though you may not care to learn the names of the different species, or to master the details of their structure, a world of interest is open to you in simply examining their build and watching their movements. Were we preaching to a congregation of boys and girls, it would not be difficult to turn the starfish into a text, and its three selected peculiarities into the heads of a useful sermon—say, on watching, straining, and cleansing.

Here is a piece of pretty red weed, near the roots of which grows a tiny spray of almost crystalline colonial life. To the naked eye it is indistinguishable from many of the zoophytes. But at a glance, when examined under the microscope, it is clearly very different. There is the same horny stem and root; there are similar cups, filled, each of them, with a living form; but when, in the still water of the

trough, the living wonders display themselves, it is at once seen that a far more complicated organism than the simple tentacled sac of the zoophyte is pulsating, masticating, breathing, and reproducing before us. No words can exaggerate the beauty of the shelly, lace-like framework. No potter ever turned out vases of purer color or more perfect shapeliness. No horticulturist ever produced more exquisite sprays of floral loveliness. Ransack the vocabulary of Ruskin himself, and you will retreat in disappointment from the task of painting, with the pen of the phrase-maker, this piece of charming elegance. But when out of every cup a crown of ciliated tentacles comes forth, followed by a body so transparent that the minutest detail of its internal organization is discernible, then you cry out with joy; for have you not arrived at the summit of a microscopist's ambition, and found that which every one must confess to be the perfection of beauty?

There are several species of polyzoa, as these creatures are called, among the dredgings of the Good Wit, and many more in the Solent that have not been captured during this cruise. They are all distinctly marked off from the zoophytes, and, strange to say, find their nearest relatives among the shellfish. In one respect they resemble the starfishes and sea-urchins. They show a tendency to develop mysterious organs which no one can clearly understand, but which, probably, are to the community what soldiers, policemen, sportsmen, and scavengers are to us. Some have trap-doors; others, long lashing tongs; and others veritable beaks. This particular species, which we have imprisoned under the microscope, has a number of vulture-heads, set at regular intervals on the stalk among the polyp-cups. They are not mouths for swallowing food. Indeed they appear to have no more intimate connection with the polyps than have the thorns of a rose-tree with the roses. Yet there they are, lifting and falling, opening and shutting their mouths, slowly, solemnly; and their vitality is such, that, long after the more delicate polyps have ceased to live, they go on "nid-nodding" in doleful, rhythmical fashion, as though they were tolling the bells of doom for all the world of fairydom. Our own impression is that Mr. Gosse's guess is correct, and that, like the bladders of the *Utricularia*, which you may find in the bog-holes of the New Forest, their purpose is to catch little living things, and, suffocating them in their tight grip, hold them until,

decay setting in, they attract crowds of infusoria, minute enough to be drawn into the gullets of the polyps.

The most cursory glance at the world of life sampled by our little dredge — sponges, foraminifera, hydrozoa, sea-anemones, worms, starfishes, ascidians, and polyzoa — reveals abundant evidence that the curious laws of imitation, which are attracting so much attention in the upper world of insect life, have their illustrations also here. There must be some reason why lowly creatures, which have to hold their own amongst perilous surroundings, assume forms which more or less disguise their true character. Attraction and defence, feeding and fighting, are, probably, in varying degrees, at the root of this imitative habit. Color, form, and eccentricity have their causes and consequences in depths of ocean, not less truly than in South American forests and on English moors. And although the conditions of research are far more difficult in this region than in the upper world, they are not absolutely impracticable. Every one who will give himself to careful observation and the patient accumulation of facts will contribute to that sum-total of knowledge which is already sufficiently ample to suggest laws accounting for mysteries once thought to be inexplicable. The more firmly we believe in a personal Creator, in the continuity of divine law, and in a design, larger and more wonderful far than even Paley ever dreamt of, the more eager should we be to ascertain all the truth written by the finger of our Father in this great book of nature. Let us not abandon the mystery of life to those whose doubts are their surest hindrances, but ourselves "search" these "Scriptures," believing surely that they, not less truly than the other Scriptures, are "given by inspiration of God," and therefore "testify of him." Even non-scientific observers may contribute something, if only they will accurately state, in simple language, what they have seen. And indeed their contributions will have this special advantage, that they will be unwarpd by theories, and will possess a certain freshness and originality. An intense love of nature, fed by the consciousness of her beauty and wonderfulness, and the habit of prying and poking into odd corners, and putting two and two together, and telling children and child-like persons what you have seen, and making notes in perfectly simple, straightforward language of your observations and surmisings — this is one of the first requisites to the making

of a useful practical naturalist. If book-learning can be added so much the better. If one branch of natural science can be mastered, better still. But the main desiderata are love, eyes, fingers, tongues, and pens.

Our voyage to Southsea consisted of a long series of short tacks; but as cruising was the very purpose for which we came to the Solent, we abandoned ourselves to the joy of the time, hauling at ropes, dodging the boom of the mainsail, letting go the jib-sheet, discussing the wind, which seemed to veer every five minutes, and the tides, which in these parts seem to run all ways, coaxing yarns out of the pilot, and taking our fill of breeze and beauty.

"A boat capsized!" All hands rushed for'ard. There, without a doubt, lay the poor little cockle-shell, with her brown sail sprawling on the angry face of the sea. We steered straight for the wreck, hoping to have the honor of rescuing the dripping mariner whom we could see sitting on the gunwale of his overset boat. But whilst we and a four-oared boat from a schooner were racing to the rescue, another sailed in before us, and, hauling up the man, helped him to right his craft. We did not, however, regret our disappointment when we saw on the square flag flying at the masthead of the interloping cutter, the words, "Mission to Seamen."

On Thursday morning, after an inevitable visit to the Victory, and a brief spell of dredging, we returned to Southampton. On our way we were startled by a crack like a pistol-shot. The seasoning of the rigging had given way. Had the mischance occurred the day before, when the yacht was beating against a head-wind in a heavy sea, the mainmast must have gone, and the consequences might have been serious. As it was, no harm befell us, and our handy little pilot, going aloft, very soon repaired the damage. This word "seasoning" (we spell it as it was spelt to us) is one of many seafaring terms of which one would like to know the origin and meaning. Probably the word is wrongly spelt, and is simply seizing—that by which the rigging *seizes* the mast and holds it in its place.

With a breeze such as a sailor loves, in brilliant sunshine, and with all the shores more beautiful than ever, we came to Cowes. There and elsewhere we had sundry adventures which need not be described. The seafaring part of our holiday alone must suffice for these pages. The brief intervals of land experience may be

omitted. A guide-book will tell all that we saw. On our return to the yawl our pilot severely rebuked us for our temerity in forsaking the safe shelter of the opposite shore. Was it not madness to think of anchoring on a lee shore in such a wind and with such a crowd of yachts lying around? It was a bitterly cold night. The anchorage was not specially desirable. If the wind, which blew straight into the harbor, rose to a gale, and if by any chance we dragged our anchor, the consequences might be serious. However, the pilot, for whom we had conceived quite an affection, made the best of the situation. He bestowed special attention on our tent-cabin, saw that we had a good supper, and then tucked us carefully in for the night. After he had retired to his own cuddy, he returned, creeping on hands and knees around the seat, beneath which, on the floor of the boat, we lay. Satisfied by his inspection that we were as cosy as hands could make us, he finally disappeared. There are no kinder-hearted men living than English sailors, unless it be English soldiers. Thanks to all our faithful pilot did, and in spite of all he thought, we slept soundly, until two o'clock in the morning. When we awoke, the captain was flying through the jib which hung as a curtain in front. A strange rushing sound made us surmise that the Good Wit was dragging her anchor and driving into the fleet of yachts. It proved to be a false alarm. The wind was blowing half a gale. The tide was rushing at a tremendous pace. The Good Wit was rolling and pitching like a mad thing; but our good anchor was true to us, and the terror passed. The pilot having by this time an intense admiration for our power of defying cold, and being himself, he declared, "as cold as a frog," seized a rug, and fled, in triumph, to his hammock. In a few minutes the Good Wit rolled us all back again into dream-land, where we remained, without further alarm, until seven o'clock in the morning.

Our last complete day was the pleasantest of the cruise; but the pleasure was of that indescribable kind which consists in simple going and breathing over a broad, green, wind-swept, sun-lit channel. There was nothing new to be seen, either at Ryde, where we landed for fruit and letters, or on the sea; and not a single adventure or mischance befell us. Yet the day slipped swiftly away, leaving us with a distinct conviction that, for men not often unemployed, a day of sheer idleness on board a well-found boat, under a sum-

mer sky, and in congenial company, may be a useful investment of time-capital.

Towards evening, when the word was given that our last night was to be spent in the muddy mouth of Lymington River, some of us murmured inwardly; for a more unlovely spot we did not know anywhere along the south coast. Fearing the effect of so melancholy a location, we agreed to make a dredging excursion up the river, on which, in due course, we went, and succeeded in recovering a handleless white-teacup, charged to the brim with soft mud — "only this, and nothing more." In despair of discovering anything naturalistically more valuable on the river-bottom, we pulled on and on, winding in and out among dreary bosoms of dingy, tangle-covered flats. Presently we espied two native boys clinging desperately to a muddy little punt, which they had run into the mouth of a creek, and out of which they had ventured. But the boys being unpromising pioneers, save into unfathomable depths of mud and desolate wildernesses of rotting weed, we pushed on up the main channel, until we found a huge, aged, and grizzled fisherman, with a younger companion, both plentifully bemired with their native element. On a weedy apology for a shore, knee-deep in mud, they were struggling helplessly, as it seemed to us, with a herring-net, which, a little while before, by the help of a crazy, grimy boat, they had dragged across the river. In the meshes of the net three or four fat, glistening fish were flapping and panting. "No, there's not many fish now; there used to be plenty, but they steamboats have druv them away. *Chad* we calls them. You see, sir, they've scales like herrings. Not bad eating," said the old man, as he tossed them, one after the other, into the boat, "if only there were more of 'em."

Far on into the night, at various points of the lonely river, by dying light of setting sun, and then by kindlier light of rising moon, we met these survivors of an ancient, and now almost extinct industry, struggling with mud and seine and chad. They looked picturesque enough from an artist's point of view, but dismally poor and dirty and hopeless, from other and more humane standpoints. As we pulled up and down the river, venturing occasionally into its doleful creeks and backwaters, we could not but contrast the river at its latter end with the river in its early youth, as we had seen it three weeks before, when father and son followed its course, on a lovely summer's evening, through

groves of beech and oak and birch, under overhanging brambles and wild roses and ferns, from Brockenhurst to Emery Down. There is no rambling more enchanting, or, from a naturalist's point of view, more remunerative, than the pursuit of an unpolluted river upward to its sources among the heath-covered hills.

But we are forgetting the duty in hand. Our only business just now is a faithful description of the cruise of the *Good Wit*, and the supplementary adventures of her punt. In the latter craft, on this memorable evening, we explored the lower reaches of Lymington River, and saw — what? The unique beauty, the nameless charm, the altogether unaccountable loveliness of the dolefullest stretch of mud and weed and water to be found anywhere in England. Take any one feature of the scene alone. Analyze it, and you have nothing but unmitigated ugliness. And yet it is a fact, that of all the lovely scenery upon which our eyes feasted during this cruise, the loveliest was this same river, now with the tide taking a turn for the better, and the sun hanging in golden glory over the forest, and now filling all its banks, and the crescent moon lighting up the unrippled face of the river-mouth. The color of the constantly changing river, the profound silence, the glimpse of distant forest scenery, and the far-away roofs and towers of the old town — all this, coupled with the pathetic consciousness that the outward scene truthfully reflected a certain inward sadness, combined to invest the dulness of our last anchorage with a chastened beauty all its own.

As our voyage began so it ended — in cloudless sunshine. On that silent, unruffled river's mouth, the sun rose in unsullied splendor. As we hove the anchor and wondered how we were to escape from the land-locked anchorage, the wind also rose — precisely the wind we needed — and, with scarcely an effort on our part, we came "safe home."

From St. James's Gazette.

#### MR. RUSKIN AS A SOCIETY MAN.

THE second chapter of the third volume of Mr. Ruskin's autobiography "*Præterita*" has just been issued by his publisher, Mr. George Allen, of Orpington. The chapter is entitled "*Mont Velan*." Mr. Ruskin begins by lamenting that "while the drawings I did to please myself seemed to please nobody else, the

little pen-and-ink sketches made for my father, merely to explain where I was, came always well." Then he records the wonderful sagacity and faithfulness of his dog "Wisie," a "white Spitz, exactly like Carpaccio's dog in the picture of St. Jerome." This brings him to the year 1854, with some entertaining reminiscences of "good society" at that time. But Mr. Ruskin found that it was "a mere torment and horror to me to have to talk to big people whom I didn't care about."

#### "EGERIA" AND LORD PALMERSTON.

Sometimes, indeed [he continues] an incident happened that was amusing or useful to me: I heard Macaulay spout the first chapter of Isaiah, without understanding a syllable of it; saw the Bishop of Oxford taught by Sir Robert Inglis to drink sherry-cobbler through a straw; and formed one of the worshipful concourse invited by the Bunsen family to hear them "talk Bunsenese" (Lady Trevelyan), and see them making presents to—each other—from their family Christmas-tree and private manger of German Magi. But, as a rule, the hours given to the polite circles were an angering penance to me—until, after I don't know how many, a good chance came, worth all the penitentiary time endured before.

I had been introduced one evening, with a little more circumstance than usual, to a seated lady, beside whom it was evidently supposed I should hold it a privilege to stand for a minute or two, with leave to speak to her. I entirely concurred in that view of the matter; but, having ascertained in a moment that she was too pretty to be looked at and yet keep one's wits about one, I followed, in what talk she led me to, with my eyes on the ground. Presently, in some reference to Raphael or Michael Angelo, or the musical glasses, the word "Rome" occurred; and a minute afterwards, something about "Christmas in 1840." I looked up with a start; and saw that the face was oval, fair, the hair light-brown. After a pause I was rude enough to repeat her words, "Christmas in 1840! were you in Rome then?" "Yes," she said, a little surprised, and now meeting my eyes with hers inquiringly.

Another tenth of a minute passed before I spoke again. "Why, I lost all that winter in Rome in hunting *you*!"

It was Egeria herself! then Mrs. Cowper-Temple. She was not angry; and became from that time forward a tutelary power—of the brightest and happiest; differing from Lady Trevelyan's, in that Lady Trevelyan hadn't all her own way at home; and taught me, therefore, to look upon life as a "spiritual combat;" but Egeria always had her own way everywhere—thought that I also should have mine—and generally got it for me.

She was able to get a good deal of it for me, almost immediately, at Broadlands, because

Mr. Cowper-Temple was at that time Lord Palmerston's private secretary; and it had chanced that in 1845 I had some correspondence with the Government about Tintoret's Crucifixion; not the great Crucifixion in the Scuola di San Rocco, but the bright one with the grove of lances in the Church of St. Cassan, which I wanted to get for the National Gallery. I wrote to Lord Palmerston about it, and believe we should have got it but for Mr. Edward Cheney's putting a spoke in the wheel for pure spite. However, Lord Palmerston was, I believe, satisfied with what I had done; and now, perhaps thinking there might be some trustworthy official qualities in me, allowed Mr. Cowper-Temple to bring me one Saturday evening, to go down with him to Broadlands. It was dark when we reached the South-Western Station. Lord Palmerston received me much as Lord Oldborough receives Mr. Temple in "Patronage;"—gave me the seat opposite his own, he with his back to the engine, Mr. Cowper-Temple beside me; Lord Palmerston's box of business papers on the seat beside *him*. He unlocked it and looked over a few, said some hospitable words, enough to put me at ease, and went to sleep, or at least remained quiet till we got to Romsey. I forget the dinner that Saturday; but I certainly had to take in Lady Palmerston; and must have pleased her more or less, for on the Sunday morning Lord Palmerston took me himself to the service in Romsey Abbey: drawing me out a little in the drive through the village; and that day at dinner he put me on his right hand, and led the conversation distinctly to the wildest political theories I was credited with, cross-examining me playfully but attending quite seriously to my points, and kindly and clearly showing me where I should fail in practice. He disputed no principle with me (being, I fancied, partly of the same mind with me about principles) but only feasibilities; whereas in every talk permitted me more recently by Mr. Gladstone, *he* disputes *all* the principles before their application, and the application of all that get past the dispute. Disraeli differed from both in making a jest alike of principle and practice; but I never came into full collision with him but once.

#### A BIT OF DISRAELIAN MISCHIEF.

Mr. Ruskin goes on to tell with delightful piquancy of detail the circumstances which brought about this embarrassing little scene:—

I never went to official dinners in Oxford if I could help it; not that I was ever really wanted at them, but sometimes it became my duty to go as an Art Professor; and when the Princess of Wales came, one winter, to look over the Art Galleries, I had of course to attend and be of what use I could: and then came commands to the dinner at the Deanery, where I knew no more how to behave than a marmot pup. However, my place was next

but one to Disraeli's, whose head, seen close, interested me; the Princess, in the centre of the opposite side of the table, might be glanced at now and then—to the forgetfulness of the evils of life. Nobody wanted *me* to talk about anything; and I recovered peace of mind enough, in a little while, to hear Disraeli talk, which was nice; I think we even said something to each other, once, about the salmon. Well—then, presently I was aware of a little ripple of brighter converse going round the table, and saw it had got at the Princess, and a glance of Disraeli's made me think it must have something to do with *me*. And so it had, thus: It had chanced either the day before, or the day before that, that the planet Saturn had treated me with his usual adversity in the carrying out of a plot with Alice in Wonderland. For that evening the Dean and Mrs. Liddell dined by command at Blenheim. But the girls were not commanded; and as I had been complaining of never getting a sight of them lately, after knowing them from the nursery, Alice said that she thought perhaps, if I would come round after papa and mamma were safe off to Blenheim, Edith and she might give me a cup of tea and a little singing, and Rhoda show me how she was getting on with her drawing and geometry or the like. And so it was arranged. The night was wild with snow, and no one likely to come round to the Deanery after dark. I think Alice must have sent me a little note, when the eastern coast of Tom Quad was clear. I slipped round from Corpus through Peckwater, shook the snow off my gown, and found an armchair ready for me, and a bright fire-side, and a laugh or two, and some pretty music looked out, and tea coming up.

Well, I think Edith had got the tea made, and Alice was just bringing the muffins to perfection—I don't recollect that Rhoda was there; (I never did, that anybody else was there, if Edith was; but it is all so like a dream now, I'm not sure) when there was a sudden sense of some stars having been blown out by the wind, round the corner; and then a crushing of the snow outside the house, and a drifting of it inside; and the children all scampered out to see what was wrong, and I followed slowly; and there were the Dean and Mrs. Liddell standing just in the middle of the hall, and the footmen in consternation, and a silence,—and—"How sorry you must be to see us, Mr. Ruskin!" began at last Mrs. Liddell. "I never was more so," I replied. "But what's the matter?" "Well," said the Dean, "we couldn't even get past the parks; the snow's a fathom deep in the Woodstock Road. But never mind; we'll be very good and quiet, and keep out of the way. Go back to your tea, and we'll have our dinner down-stairs." And so we did; but we couldn't keep papa and mamma out of the drawing-room when they had done dinner, and I went back to Corpus disconsolate.

Now, whether the Dean told the Princess

himself, or whether Mrs. Liddell told, or the girls themselves, somehow this story got all round the dinner-table, and Disraeli was perfect in every detail in ten minutes, nobody knew how. When the Princess rose there was clearly a feeling on her part of some kindness to me; and she came very soon in the drawing-room, to receive the report of the Slade Professor.

Now, in the Deanery drawing-room, everybody in Oxford who hadn't been at the dinner was waiting to have their slice of Princess—due officially—and to be certified in the papers next day. The Princess, knowing whom she had to speak to, might speak to, or mightn't, without setting the whole of Oxford by the ears next day, simply walked to the people she chose to honor with audience and stopped to hear if they had anything to say. I saw my turn had come, and the revolving zodiac brought its fairest sign to me: she paused, and the attendant stars and terrestrial beings round listened to hear what the marmot pup had to say for itself.

In the space of, say, a minute and a half I told the Princess that landscape-painting had been little cultivated by the heads of colleges—that it had been still less cultivated by the undergraduates, and that my young-lady pupils always expected me to teach them how to paint like Turner in six lessons. Finding myself getting into difficulties, I stopped; the Princess, I suppose, felt I was getting her into difficulties too; so she bowed courteously, and went on—to the next Professor—in silence.

The crowd, which had expected a compliment to her Royal Highness of best modern painter quality, was extremely disappointed: and a blank space seemed at once to form itself round me, when the door from the nurseries opened, and—enter Rhoda—in full dress!

Very beautiful! But just a snip too short in the petticoats—a trip too dainty in the ankles, a dip too deep of sweetbriar-red in the ribbons. Not the damsel who came to hearken, named Rhoda—by any means; but as exquisite a little spray of rhododendron ferrugineum as ever sparkled in Alpine dew.

Disraeli saw his opening in an instant. Drawing himself to his full height, he advanced to meet Rhoda. The whole room became all eyes and ears. Bowing with kindly reverence, he waved his hand, and introduced her to—the world. "*This* is, I understand, the young lady in whose art-education Professor Ruskin is so deeply interested!"

And there was nothing for *me* but simple extinction; for I had never given Rhoda a lesson in my life (no such luck!); yet I could not disclaim the interest—nor disown Mr. Macdonald's geometry! I could only bow as well as a marmot might, in imitation of the Minister; and get at once away to Corpus, out of human ken.

From The Standard.  
THE HERVEY ISLES AND THE BRITISH PROTECTORATE.

THE proclamation of the British protectorate over Raratonga and the other Hervey Isles is not likely to surprise those who are best acquainted with the condition of affairs in that part of Polynesia. Indeed, considering the evident intentions of the French, and the fact that British subjects are the chief white inhabitants of most of them, the wonder rather is, that the step was not taken long ago. As it is, so thoroughly have the natives been accustomed to the English missionaries, the English language, and the English ways, that, except as a protection against any more pronounced absorption by other powers, they will scarcely consider the proclamation as a change from the condition of affairs which has for many years prevailed. It is nearly a hundred and twenty years since the group was discovered by Captain Cook, and named in honor of Captain Hervey, one of the lords of the Admiralty, though they have generally received from seafaring men the name of the great navigator himself. Lying between the Friendly and the Society Islands, the inhabitants shared at that time in the good and bad qualities of the other Polynesians — in their hospitality, simplicity, light-heartedness, loose morals, and savagery; but a brief intercourse with European traders soon taught them to regard the white man and his ways with less friendly eyes. This was the condition of affairs when, in the year 1823, Raratonga was visited by John Williams, "the martyr of Erumanga," and became the centre of those remarkable labors by which, in a short time, almost the entire population was so effectually rescued from barbarism, that at present few, if any, of the people cannot read and write, while all of them profess Christianity. Here Williams built his missionary ship, the *Messenger of Peace*; when he fell a victim to the ferocity of Erumanga, the people of Raratonga mourned for him as a father; and to this day their first teacher is spoken of with sincere affection, though few of his early converts are still alive. The island has, for years past, been the headquarters of the London Missionary Society in the Pacific. When the voyager lands and enters the comfortable houses, many of them built of stone, well furnished with useful and even elegant articles of furniture, and tenanted by a handsome brown people, clothed after the European fashion, well fed, and not in-

frequently capable of speaking two or three languages, he finds it hard to realize that, within the memory of men still alive, they were pagans of no very attractive sort, addicted to cruel wars, and with an evil repute, from which even cannibalism was not excluded. The Hervey group as a whole, and Raratonga in particular, afford a really striking instance of the triumphs of the English missionaries.

It was often up-hill work. The ferocity of the Raratongans was so irrepressible that the missionaries were for some time compelled to leave the island, only one venturing to remain, and the admirable results which have followed the daring enterprise of Williams have been compassed within little more than sixty years. Yet, in that comparatively short period, the people have been taught the arts of peace, and the means of earning a livelihood without resorting to pillage. They supply passing ships with provisions, cultivate the ground for their own benefit, and even export furniture made of the beautiful woods with which their islands abound. In their homes may be seen European books, and many of the necessities and even luxuries of civilized life, while a considerable traffic is carried on between them and the Sydney traders who cruise about the Pacific. They have regular market-houses, in which supplies for the shipping are collected, and salesmen are appointed to manage their little commerce with the strangers. It is more than fifty years since the printing-press was introduced into Raratonga, though it is not quite five years since one was set up in the ancient empire of Morocco; and already portions of the Scriptures, spelling-books, and various primers in geography, arithmetic, astronomy, natural history, and other subjects have been published in the Raratongan and other dialects. The island has even become a civilizing nucleus of wide regions of the Pacific, for books in the tongues of the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and other isles have been printed and bound, all by young Raratongan natives under the tuition of the missionaries. What is more, many of the Hervey highlanders have qualified themselves to act as teachers, and nothing is more common than to find these brown missionaries laboring in other islands, in languages which are foreign to them. Considering what England has done for the group, it would have been cruel to the natives to have allowed them to run any risk of passing under the flag of any other power, more especially when we know the

attitude of the French to the English teachers in other groups which they have annexed. Within the last year, Uvea or Wallis Island has passed under the French flag, and though the Marquesas are still in the transition state of a protectorate, sooner or later they will share the fate of Tahiti, and become one of the colonies of France. For the present, the independence of the New Hebrides has been preserved, though Samoa, in spite of the understanding entered into between England, the United States, and Germany, is rapidly becoming a virtual dependency of the latter power. It has been no secret that the officials—and the French colonies in the Pacific exist mainly for the benefit of a host of needy placemen—who managed to get the agreement of 1847 with England abrogated, in order to permit them to annex the Society Islands, had their eye on the Hervey group. Indeed, it has never been denied in Tahiti that the active assertion of dominion over Raiatea was but a move towards the annexation of the islands to the south-west. Raratonga would soon have been the chief coaling station for French vessels plying between Panama and Australia. Apart from other objections, such a rounding off of their possessions in this part of the Pacific could not but have been regarded with uneasiness by the Australian colonies, the loyalty of which has of late years suffered so many strains by what they regard as our apathy towards their interest in permitting European powers to plant their outposts within striking distance of the Antipodean shores.

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From The Spectator.

#### MR. BALFOUR'S SERMON.

THE British public does not quite know Mr. Arthur Balfour yet. It has been his ill fortune or good fortune, as it may prove, to occupy the most prominent post during the hottest period of the struggle between England and Ireland, and while one half the community regard him almost as the leader of a forlorn hope, and extol his courage to the suppression of many other qualities, the other half look on him as a domineering man of ability, determined to rule at any cost, whether of liberal principle or of human suffering. If they are interested in politics, they know that Mr. Balfour is one of the most formidable of public speakers, with a rare quality of humor, and a defect of hitting a little too

hard; but comparatively few of them know that the secretary for Ireland, who sends members to prison, and faces Fenian knives, and defies Parnellite orators with the same half-humorous, half-scornful determination, is one of the most accomplished men in the island, with an organization which enables him to be a scientific critic of music, with a wide knowledge of science and philosophy, and with a power of expression on paper such as is rarely given to orators, who tend, by the very conditions of the art they more frequently employ, either to over-ornament or diffuseness. The public have, too, a fancy, derived they probably know not whence, that Mr. Balfour is as unorthodox as Mr. Morley or Professor Huxley, and will be amazed, when they read the pamphlet in which he has republished his address on "The Religion of Humanity," to find that, like Lord Beaconsfield, he is "on the side of the angels," and can do battle for the usefulness of belief in them in language of restrained eloquence of which neither Cardinal Newman nor Canon Liddon would be ashamed. We have called the pamphlet a sermon because it is one, though the fitting text, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God," is courteously omitted; and we venture to say that, of all who will read it, not one per cent. ever read or heard one more convincing or intellectually more delightful.

Mr. Balfour's main argument, directed nominally against Positivists, but really applicable not only to that feeble sect, but to the whole of that agnostic humanitarian Church which begins to number its tens of thousands of disciples to proclaim itself the creed of the future, and to assume, while waiting for the millennium, the airs of a dominant faith, is that it does not fulfil its first promise, and does not provide a sufficient provocation to unselfish action. It cannot perpetually renew that energy of hope which the facts of life, and especially that cureless remnant of acute misery always left under the most favorable circumstances, so constantly weaken or destroy. Mr. Balfour says he is no pessimist, and he draws a fine picture of the benefits rational love of self might confer upon the world—it would, for example, nay, possibly will, cure man of drink and disease—but his ultimate view of the actualities of life is expressed in this splendid passage: "But though this be so, yet the sense of misery unrelieved, of wrongs unredressed, of griefs beyond remedy, of failure without hope, of physical pain so acute that it seems the

one overmastering reality in a world of shadows, of mental depression so deadly that it welcomes physical pain itself as a relief — these, and all the crookednesses and injustices of a crooked and unjust world, may well overload our spirits and shatter the springs of our energies, if to this world only we must restrict our gaze. For thus restricted the problem is hopeless. Let us dream what dreams we please about the future; let us paint it in hues of our own choosing; let us fashion for ourselves a world in which war has been abolished, disease mitigated, poverty rooted out; in which justice and charity determine every relation in life, — and we shall still leave untouched a residue of irremediable ills — separation, decay, weariness, death. This distant and doubtful millennium has its dark shadows; and then how distant and doubtful it is! The most intrepid prophet hardly dares say with assurance whether the gorgeous mountain-shapes to which we are drifting be cloud or solid earth. And while the future happiness is doubtful, the present misery is certain. Nothing that humanity can enjoy in the future will make up for what it has suffered in the past; for those who will enjoy are not the same as those who have suffered; one set of persons is injured, another set will receive compensation." It must be that in such a world — and no man of experience will doubt the utter truth of the description — the rational love of self on which the utilitarian dwells so admiringly, will occasionally conflict with the love of man which is the source of the humanitarian's confidence; and then where is the reconciling agent to be found, or the force which is to compel the lower impulse to give place to the higher? Under the theory of the humanitarian Church, the love of self has been weakened and lowered by the "self" sinking from an immortal being into an ephemeral of clay; and the love of man has become love of an inferior being, not "the gods' peculiar care, the central object of an attendant universe, that for which the sun shone and the dew fell, to which the stars in their courses ministered; which drew its origin in the past from divine ancestors, and might by divine favor be destined to an indefinite existence of success and triumph in the future;" but "an obscure" creature, "absorbed and well-nigh overwhelmed" in the task of keeping alive; "whose very existence is," on the Positivist hypothesis, "an accident, and his story a brief and discreditable episode in the life of one of the meanest of the

planets." The third and greatest constituent in the motive-force of benevolence, the love of God, or, in another phrase, loyalty to a being infinitely superior in character as well as strength, has been, in the teaching of that Church, summarily abolished. How, then, even as a motor urging man towards benevolence, can the humanitarian Church affect to vie with Christianity, which at least gives man this reason for self-suppression, that he must live long enough to reap the full result, and to understand the full consequences of his own actions, as, when he views them with an eye to their effect even on immediate descendants, he now fails to do? Who is there that predicts the course of even a hundred years who is not foolish; and why in the infinite complexity of consequences should we predict that next century this or that act of ours will have raised the human family? Look, says Mr. Balfour, what man deprived of his hope of a future life, and described by the strictly scientific intelligence really is:

Man, so far as natural science by itself is able to teach us, is no longer the final cause of the universe, the heaven-descended heir of all the ages. His very existence is an accident, his story a brief and discreditable episode in the life of one of the meanest of the planets. Of the combination of causes which first converted a piece or pieces of unorganized jelly into the living progenitors of humanity, science indeed, as yet, knows nothing. It is enough that from such beginnings Famine, Disease, and Mutual Slaughter, fit nurses of the future lord of creation, have gradually evolved, after infinite travail, a race with conscience enough to know that it is vile, and intelligence enough to know that it is insignificant. We survey the past, and see that its history is of blood and tears, of helpless blundering, of wild revolt, of stupid acquiescence, of empty aspirations. We sound the future, and learn that after a period, long compared with the individual life, but short indeed compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness, which in this remote corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the universe, will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. Imperishable monuments and immortal deeds, death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that is better or worse for all that the labor, genius, devotion, and suffering of man have striven through countless generations to effect.

Even in this moment of time we may not be noble, for progress, or evolution, or whatever the other force in which humanitarians trust, has stopped with all other animals; and why should it not stop with the animal man, more especially when the highest part of him, his imagination of good, is, as Mr. Balfour finely puts it, "starved" by dismissing all that feeds it from belief in the supernatural? There is a man in whom the process has been nearly perfected, a man possessed in fullest measure of the Manchester virtues, laboriousness, thrift, the capacity of organization, the capacity of coercing self, a man in whom nothing seems lacking but moral imagination, and the Americans call him, with descriptive humorously, only the "Heathen Chinese."

There is nothing new in all that? Very likely; but the old tale has rarely been told, so far as the words are Mr. Balfour's, with such lucid force of expression, and we have thought that so rare an *aperçu* into the mind of one of the few men likely ever to rule England might interest our readers, as it has deeply interested ourselves. This is, we believe, the only country, unless we may include America, where a statesman would dare to address the whole community in words like these:

One of the objects of the "religion of humanity," and it is an object beyond all praise, is to stimulate the imagination till it lovingly embraces the remotest fortunes of the whole human family. But in proportion as this end is successfully attained, in proportion as we are taught by this or any other religion to neglect the transient and the personal, and to count ourselves as laborers for that which is universal and abiding, so surely must the increasing range which science is giving to our vision over the times and spaces of the material universe, and the decreasing importance of the place which man is seen to occupy in it, strike coldly on our moral imagination, if so be that the material universe is all we have to do with. It is no answer to say that scientific discovery cannot alter the moral law, and that so long as the moral law is unchanged our conduct need be modified by no opinions as to the future destiny of this planet or its inhabitants. This contention, whether true or not, is irrelevant. All developed religions, and all philosophies which aspire to take the place of religion, Lucretius as well as St. Paul, give us some theory as to the destiny of man and his relation to the sum of things. My contention is that every such religion and every such philosophy, so long as it insists on regarding man as merely a phenomenon among phenomena, a natural object among other natural objects, is condemned to failure as an effective stimulus to high endeavor. Love,

pity, and endurance it may indeed leave with us: and this is well. But it so dwarfs and impoverishes the ideal end of human effort, that though it may encourage us to die with dignity, it hardly permits us to live with hope.

#### THE PRISON OF BOKHARA.

THE *Times* correspondent gives the following interesting account of his visit to this famous prison: "Only the Russians know how to pronounce the 'open sesame' which discloses the ameer's treasures and chambers of horror. By this last epithet I refer to the famous prison, or *zindan*, and dungeon of torture to which we were very fortunate in gaining admittance. After a good deal of urging, we were at last conducted to the spot by the *djignits* and *kavass* of the embassy. The guides rode on in front, clearing the way where necessary by a flourish of their short whips, and we followed on horseback behind, in the usual Eastern manner of progress. The poor Bokhariots who can afford it generally ride on *ishaks* or asses, the better off on horses. By the way, why call Ishak Khan of northern Afghanistan a donkey, when his real name, if I am not mistaken, is Isaac Khan? We arrived by tortuous alleys and dirty thoroughfares at one side of the artificial hill which supports the citadel and ameer's palace and other buildings. The stout, swarthy governor and gaolers, with rattling keys, were ready to receive us, and as soon as we had dismounted led the way up the mound to the door of the prison. All the building and walls, like the houses everywhere, seemed made of dried mud and clay supported by wooden beams and frames. We were first taken into a small uncovered yard with two or three patches of garden and a large tomb half sheltered by a shed open in front. At the head of the stone were laid a pair of fine ram's horns, and three tall and bent poles were fixed in the ground, with rags and horse-hair dangling from their tops, and looking something like the distant gibbets in some of Gustave Doré's illustrations of Balzac. They told us that this was the tomb of Kusk-Kara-ta, the protector of shepherds, though why he was buried in this prison yard we could not understand. A small iron-barred door of a low building, with a mud dome on one side like the top of a Turkish bath at Constantinople, was then unlocked, and we all peered in, but the darkness was so great that at first we were

unable to see anything. We then bent down and went just inside and waited until our eyes had got rid of the glare of the sun. At last we gradually discerned a closely packed number of men standing round all the four walls except juts near the doorway. The room was not more than twenty feet long by ten feet broad, with a low ceiling that nearly touched our heads, and here were crammed no fewer than twenty-five half-naked, dirty prisoners, with their rags cumbering the bare ground, and a few shelves on the walls with gourd water-bottles, pieces of bread, and other odds and ends. There was no ventilation and hardly any light. A few chains seemed to be hanging round the walls, but none of the men appeared to be in irons and all were free to sit down when we had gone. Very likely their manacles had been removed in anticipation of our visit. Another small door was then unlocked, in the right-hand wall of this chamber, and we looked into a kind of well down several broken steps, well lighted, however, in this case, from the open top of the dome which we had noticed outside. Here we saw twenty more men huddled together with hardly room to move. Some had chains on their limbs, and altogether, I never saw a more wretched-looking pack of human beings in all my life. Notwithstanding the aperture above there was such a foul stench in this den, as well as in the adjoining room, that I had to make a rush out into the yard during our inspection in order to get a breath of fresh air. We did not descend into this reeking hole, but only stood on the steps. This, the governor said, was all the prison; but we insisted that there must be an underground dungeon somewhere, and called his particular attention to the reports about the sheep-tick cell, and the horrible place into which Captain Conolly and Stoddart were said to have been let down to be eaten up alive by insects and vermin. After some conversation with the interpreter he ordered several prisoners sitting in the middle of the well to get up, and then pointed to a stone slab exactly in the centre of the floor. This, he said, was the entrance to the dungeons below, but he assured us that they had been filled up and closed forever in honor of the arrival of the Russians. The stone certainly did look as if it had been plastered down, and was not intended to be further removed. Before leaving we requested permission to give the prisoners some money, but Aftobai suggested the better plan of giving them something to

eat, as the money would only be taken away as soon as we had turned our backs. Accordingly we sent one of the gaolers for bread, and he soon returned with a pile of flat brown cakes in the lap of his robe. These were at once distributed among the men, who invoked upon our heads the blessings of Allah as the door was shut behind us. Outside we noticed, hanging upon the wall, a thick stick with a large knob like a big drumstick, and we were informed that this was used for belaboring the prisoners when they became obstreperous. On descending into the street we saw two of the prisoners chained together, begging, as we were told, for the rest. Bokharan prisoners, it appears, receive no rations whatever, except what they can purchase with alms obtained in this way by those of their number who are let out for the purpose in chained couples at a time."

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From Chambers' Journal.

#### RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT.

AN interesting collection of antiquities has lately been on exhibition in London, consisting of the various objects brought to light by Mr. Flinders Petrie during his recent excavations in Egypt at Hawera, on the site of the ancient Labyrinth described by Herodotus. These objects are not so very ancient—that is, they belong to the Ptolemaic and Roman periods, which, although dating back to about 300 B.C., is quite modern according to the Egyptian standard. Nevertheless, to many people these relics, which speak so eloquently of the manners and customs of the Romans in Egypt, from about the birth of Christ to 200 A.D., and of the preceding Ptolemies, better known to us historically than their ancient predecessors the Pharaohs, will be of more interest than those of far greater antiquity.

The first thing which strikes us is a series of portraits on wood, so perfect and fresh in appearance, that it is difficult to believe that they have been buried for nearly two thousand years; yet such is the case, for these portraits represent Romans interred during the Ptolemaic period. It is singular that the Romans in Egypt should have adopted the mode of burial of the Egyptians; but the faces and dress of these portraits are undoubtedly Roman, although they covered the heads of mummies beautifully and elegantly swathed in the numerous linen

bandages peculiar to Egyptian burials, but more artistically arranged than was common in the more ancient mummies, for the crossings of the bandages form a beautiful honeycomb pattern of extraordinary symmetry, each panel finished with a gilt band. The board upon which the portrait was painted was bandaged in skilfully over the head, and thus the relatives might have the mournful pleasure of contemplating the features of the deceased whenever they pleased; and certainly no artist even of modern times could have more faithfully portrayed the individual than did the portrait-painter of two thousand years ago. They are evidently what are usually called "speaking" likenesses. There is one of an old man, who might have been a general, or one of the Cæsars, in his white toga, every line and furrow of the face carefully delineated; whilst several of the ladies, and particularly two young girls, might be exhibited as likenesses of professional beauties of the present day. The material employed for these durable portraits was a wax medium, which has been employed with excellent effect in modern times, and might be used more frequently with advantage. The beautiful views of Greece in the *Neue Pinakothek* at Munich, executed by order of the old king Ludwig, are of this kind; and we believe some of the pictures in the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, are also painted on wax.

The mummies with the portraits were generally deposited in unadorned wooden coffins with movable lids. These coffins, which are not made of slabs of wood, but of small pieces neatly joined, are raised a few inches from the ground upon four short feet; and beside them were placed the four canopic vases with animal heads, containing the viscera, such as are always found in Egyptian tombs. Several of these jars are exhibited by Mr. Petrie, as well as some of the flint knives used ceremonially, long after the invention of iron, by the embalmers in making the necessary incisions in the body.

There are also to be seen funeral wreaths, one still adorning the head of a mummy, made of flowers, the species of which are still distinguishable; wheat, barley, and other seeds; grasses and leaves of shrubs. Still more curious are a number of toys, some of which are almost identical with those prized by boys and girls of to-day. There are spinning-tops for the boys, jointed dolls for the girls, and a rag-doll for baby; a wooden bird on wheels, and other animals, includ-

ing a crocodile; a toy bedstead, and a sedan-chair in terra-cotta containing a lady, who can be moved at pleasure.

The domestic arts are represented by fragments of beautiful embroideries; a set of bobbins such as are still used for lace-making; a bundle of leather-workers' needles and awl; spindles, and a dress made of coarse linen, with two broad purple bands inserted, just as represented in some of the portraits—the purple bands probably denoting the rank of the wearer. There is also a pair of short knitted socks made to tie round the ankle, and with a separate division for the great toe; this, of course, was for the convenience of the wearer of sandals; but it is amusing to find that the fad of the hygienists of the Health Exhibition is at least as ancient as the Christian era, only the Egyptians had a reason for separated toes, which those who wear boots have not.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of the objects discovered is a lens of thick glass resembling the bull's-eye of a lantern, but suggesting the possibility that the Egyptians might have known more of the magnifying power of glass than we give them credit for, and may even have possessed telescopes.

A large case at one end of the room in the Egyptian Hall, in which Mr. Flinders Petrie's discoveries are appropriately exhibited, contains a beautiful collection of Egyptian antiquities of an older date than those we have been describing—hundred of those well-known curious little images of gods in blue porcelain, jewels of gold, necklaces, rings, bracelets, and ear-rings, among which we noticed some fine pearls; numerous scarabæi, and other curious and interesting objects, serving to show the high development of art in Egypt at a very early period.

Where shall we look for the beginnings of that art? In Mr. Flinders Petrie's collection we see it as it existed in Roman times; in the British Museum we can trace it back into far remote prehistoric times; but it seems even then as vigorous, and in many respects as perfect, as in the more modern period. Yet buried beneath the magnificent ruins of the cities and tombs of the Pharaohs, and even incorporated with the tufa out of which these tombs were constructed, are found rude flint implements, telling of a time when all this magnificent civilization had no existence. Where shall we look for the transition stage, the period between the users of flint implements and the builders of the Pyramids? and how shall we estimate the

time which has elapsed since the valley of the Nile was first occupied by man?

The recent discoveries of Mr. Flinders Petrie and fellow-workers have done much to elucidate doubtful points in Egyptian history. We are daily discovering proofs of the truthfulness of the writings of Herodotus. Lake Mæris and the Labyrinth are no longer myths; the Shepherd kings have been made known to us; and the Pharaohs of Joseph and of Moses seem to be identified. Who shall say how much more of the hidden story written on the stones and on the tombs of ancient Egypt may be revealed to us by the zealous explorers, of whom Mr. Flinders Petrie is chief? Let us hope that the British Museum may be enriched by these recent finds.

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From The Spectator.  
KRAKATOA.

AFTER all, this world of ours is but a tiny garden with a pond in it. There cannot be a fire and an explosion in one remote corner but the whole of the rest must be pestered with smoke and dust for a twelvemonth, nor a splash in the pond without the most distant portions of the water's edge feeling the swash. We used to be told in sermon upon sermon that the aim of science was to make man think highly of himself and of the little speck of the universe in which he lived, and "proud philosophy" was regarded as the boastful magnifier of the world around us. To-day, however, no preacher could take such ground in his discourse. Science, indeed, at this moment seems bent upon showing us all what a very small affair the world is. A committee of the Royal Society, for instance, has just issued a report upon the phenomena attending the great volcanic eruption in the Sunda Strait—the narrow sea-lane between Sumatra and Java—in the summer of the year 1883, which serves as an excellent illustration. The effects of the eruption of Krakatoa were perceptible all over the globe, and science, in this its latest contribution to knowledge, is hard at work making us realize the somewhat humiliating conclusion. Still, if it must be admitted that our fuller knowledge of the effects of the great upheaval in the East Indian archipelago tends to make us belittle the world, and destroy our notions of its vastness and of the remoteness of its continents and islands, the report of the Royal Soci-

ety, at any rate, immensely increases our respect for the great destructive forces at work on our planet. If the earth is nothing but a garden, and the ocean a pond, we have, at any rate, the satisfaction of knowing that both are well mined. The explosive forces that lie beneath them are at any moment capable of suddenly making water into dry land, or of blowing dry land into clouds of atoms to circle round the sun in rosy or emerald mists, till the great air-currents of the ether disperse them into space, or rain them back upon the earth as dust.

The world shows traces at many points of as great, or perhaps even greater, convulsions than the eruption of Krakatoa; but never since man became able to record horrors, has anything occurred equal in magnitude or violence to the outburst which shook the Indian Archipelago, in 1883. On August 27th, 1883, the whole top of an island in the straits between Sumatra and Java was literally blown into the air. The missing mass of the island of Krakatoa consisted of more than two hundred thousand million (200,000,000,000) cubic feet. Of this, some was blown into clouds of dust that for hours made full daylight as dark as night, and for days covered the neighborhood of the island in a pall of black clouds,—clouds that were at last dispersed all over the earth, but only to tinge with opacity the universal atmosphere, and to render the sunset glows everywhere radiant with golden green, and red. The rest fell into the sea, and the splash from the mountains of rock hurled some twenty miles upwards into the sky, and thence dropped into the sea, affected the waters of the world. Close at hand, a great wave fifty feet high, rushed upon the neighboring shores, and overwhelmed in its course thirty-seven thousand people. Over twenty-five hundred miles away—in the harbor at Rodriguez, near Mauritius—the resulting wave had force enough to make the water "boil as in a pot," to toss the boats about, and to make a sham tide ebb and flow, so that "the inner harbor" was for a time left almost dry. Even in the English Channel, the instruments used for observing the movements of the tide recorded a disturbance, so far did the ever-widening circle of the wave extend. The air was no less agitated than the sea, and bore the tidings of the great convulsion with even greater certainty. At a place three thousand miles away, the sound of the eruption was heard distinctly like "the distant roar of heavy guns," and in many places

less remote, but still removed by over a thousand or even two thousand miles, the noise was so pronounced, that it was believed to be caused by some ship firing signals of distress, and search-vessels were in several instances sent out. But where the air ceased to transmit the sound, it nevertheless passed the message on with complete precision. The general result of atmospheric observations taken all over the world, shows that an air-wave was propagated at Krakatoa which spread to its antipodes. There it was reflected or reproduced and sent back again to Krakatoa; and this aerial game of battledore and shuttlecock was continued, though with diminishing vivacity, no less than seven times. The rate at which the air-wave travelled was prodigious. It took only 13 hours 45 minutes for the wave to reach Greenwich. The detonations which produced sounds so terrific that they could be heard, as we have noticed, three thousand miles away, and disturbed the whole of our atmosphere, were caused by the sea bursting in upon the volcano. As the walls of the crater were broken down by the violence of the eruption, the sea rushed in and the explosions were produced. The explanation given to account for this result is too curious not to be mentioned. There is a well-known plan of making a lazy geyser play, by throwing in earth and stones. The stones and earth choke the mouth of the geyser, and prevent the escape of gas till enough has accumulated to blow the obstruction into the air. The inrush of sea-water acted in a similar way. The water cooled the top of the lava and suppressed for a time its ejection. When, however, sufficient force had been accumulated, the outburst became more violent than ever, and the imprisoned gases hurled the masses of lava high into the air with a sound perhaps unheard before in the world's history, certainly incomparable to any ordinary noise in nature. Since the largest portion of the report is devoted to the atmospheric phenomena caused by the volcanic dust in all parts of the world, it would be impossible not to mention them here, though they were probably observed by most of our readers themselves at the time. In the actual neighborhood of the eruption, the strange and weird spectacle of blue, green, copper-colored, and silver suns was seen. At a greater distance, however, the haze formed of minute atoms of dust only produced red, green, and gold sunset glows and afterglows. In connection with the sunset glows, one of the most curious features of

the report is a list of all the occasions on which similar phenomena are recorded to have been noticed in Europe and elsewhere. All these occasions are contemporaneous with periods of great volcanic activity.

It is curious to consider what would have been the moral effect of such an eruption had it occurred, not on an island between Java and Sumatra, but on one between France and England, at Jersey instead of at Krakatoa. If thirty-seven thousand people were killed in the sparsely peopled lands round Krakatoa, the coasts of Brittany, and of Devonshire and Dorsetshire, must certainly each have lost a hundred thousand. We wonder how we should bear such a calamity. The European peoples are so little accustomed to the devastating forces of nature, that they grow impatient over even a hundred men drowned in a storm. If we had a hundred thousand men destroyed at one blow, and towns and houses and churches submerged, should we be able to keep our nerve? Should we be able to show the resignation shown by uncivilized peoples, which, after all, is the only reasonable way of meeting calamity? We fear we should not. More likely one half the nation would run mad with horror, while the other would be in hysterics against "society" because it had not built sea-walls one hundred feet high all round the coasts to prevent the poor from drowning.

From St. James's Gazette.

#### ASSAMESE OPIUM-DRINKERS.

THE Assamese dearly loves opium; to him it is life. What matters it if his awakenings are unpleasant; or that his vitality is weakened; or that he is on the path to premature senility, wretchedness, and early death? Nothing, "Hoi-yoi-oi!" shrieks the opium-seller; and presently from rice-fields and villages the "hoi-yoi-oi" is taken up, and anon, one by one, the opium-drinkers flock to the opium-seller's bamboo hut.

It is evening in Assam, and above the flooded rice-fields a thick vapor is rising, impregnating the air with its warm malaria-laden moisture. Enervating, indeed, is this same climate of Assam; and the wretched Assamese, with its inveterate love for the poppy-juice, adds but too surely to its baneful influence. Down by the opium-seller's hut squat the opium-drinkers, while their eyes roll strangely

and their parched tongues loll out in very uneasy fashion indeed. Thus far they have managed to drag their debilitated forms, and no further can they go until the soul-reviving elixir has been drunk of.

The opium-seller weighs out the drug, eager hands clutch at it, and presently it is dissolved in a brass vessel of water. Excited, eager looks greet those who are tardily—oh, how tardily it seems to the opium-drinkers!—preparing the mass. When ready it is of a dark-brown color, of the consistency and appearance of English porter. "Let me have it!" "Me!" "Me!" yell the now thoroughly excited mob. Rapidly it passes from mouth to mouth, and smiling, ghastly smiling, faces show how satisfied they all are. It is the Assamese opium-drinker's escape from purgatory—from weak, spiritless, and enervated existence to the seventh heaven of bliss. As the drug takes effect the victim dozes off into a kind of reverie. Surrounding objects assume a weird aspect—bamboo forests, banana-bushes, rice-fields, and villages; the whole panorama of landscape before them is no longer a miserable reality, the scene of their daily toil, but an ever-changing kaleidoscope, the beauty of which is beyond the comprehension of a sober mind. Such, at least, is a description given me by one of the opium-drinkers.

Our party, now thoroughly intoxicated with opium-fumes, lie about in sprawling attitudes. In the first stages of intoxication all are smiling, and their lips move in rapid speech; for one hears an incoherent jabbering going on, broken occasionally by a loud chuckle from one of the party. This unseemly hilarity wakes up for a moment the other opium-drinkers; and they, after an angry look towards the noisy one, soon relapse into their comatose state. A few of this party who had evidently been indulging freely fell immediately into a heavy sleep out of which they did not awake until the night was far advanced.

A rather amusing incident occurred while I sat watching them. The opium-drinkers had taken up position on the highroad, probably because it was tolerably dry and the enclosure around the opium-seller's hut—where they usually sat—had got flooded during the recent heavy rains. A cart caravan of tea, from a neighboring tea-plantation, happened to come up while the opium-drinkers sat squatting on the road. Vainly the cart-drivers called on the opium-drinkers to move out of the way. So they reluctantly

got off their perch, and taking the opium-drinkers bodily up, deposited them in a shallow pool of water off the road. Those wretched opium-drinkers wallowed for a while in the puddle, and, not feeling quite comfortable in the water, merely dragged their befuddled carcasses up on the bank, and there resumed their dreaming again as if nothing had happened. I learned while I watched them, too, that the opium-drinker has an instinctive dread of a drunken man—I mean one drunk on spirituous liquor; for a party of coolies who had been drinking in a neighboring bazaar came up while I sat there and literally frightened the wits out of the opium-drinkers. The coolies, who seemed to know something of the opium-drinkers' antipathies, plagued them for a while and then went on their way, laughing heartily at the other drunkards.

Towards midnight one by one they awoke out of their trance, and, shivering with cold—for the night air had cooled somewhat,—they made for their respective villages. As I watched them crawling home through the rice-fields, their forms stooping, and their attenuated bodies besmeared with the mud in which they had been rolling, I thought the moon could scarcely shine on more miserable objects. Such scenes may be witnessed by the traveller any evening all over Assam. It is a sad state of things truly, and if not remedied the Assamese race will speedily die out.

From The Queen.

CORSICAN WOMEN.

THOUGH as a rule not beautiful, the young and middle-aged are decidedly handsome, with fine features and a magnificent physique. Of course much of this is due to their surroundings and the primitive life still so universally led. But these women, with their prominent features and fine eyes, are liberally endowed with sterling qualities. Brave and faithful, we find them on occasion developing into heroines of the truest type. Warriors at heart, when circumstances require it they will not be content to remain on the defensive; and, being intelligent and reflective, they have often proved themselves formidable enemies, strong and loyal friends. Withal, they are womanly; cherish a deep love for their homes and a tender care for their children; are devoted to husband, offspring, and hearth, yet are ready to sacrifice everything at the com-

mand of the man they have vowed to obey. For woman's mission in Corsica is definite enough; she is destined to be a docile wife, to work for her husband, bring up his children, and keep his castle and all its appurtenances in good working order. Emphatically she is the complement of man, and in no way his equal. She is nothing more than Adam's rib—by far the inferior portion of humanity, designed solely and expressly as the helpmate of the mightier half. It is doubtful whether the average Corsican would be willing to grant that woman possessed a soul, or any equivalent to that much-disputed ingredient of man's composition. Not that there is any systematic brutality towards women; but the uniform treatment and daily unconscious display of inward convictions towards them cannot be misinterpreted. Travel in Corsica, and enter whatever house you will—a shepherd's hut, a peasant's cottage, the doctor's apartment, or monsieur le maire's fine stone building—you will find the woman-kind keeping discreetly in the background, just visible in a faint *chiaroscuro*. At meal-times wife and daughters will not sit down with the guests. Mothers and daughters are either entirely absent or hovering about as your attendants. Even at a marriage ceremony the woman plays an inferior part, and the ungallant "best man" shouts aloud at the hospitable board, —

Dio vi dia buona fortuna,  
Tre di maschi e femmin' una:

a sentiment quickly echoed by every male present. She takes pretty nearly the heaviest share of the day's labor, and, though sometimes allowed a voice in family matters, is never permitted to show an independent will or wish before strangers. Only too often, however, she is a mere cipher in family conclaves, obeys her lord and master's behests, but does not originate a single idea. Out of doors the men go forth to work solemnly, gun in hand, while the women walk behind carrying the heavy tools or cumbersome wood fagots. If the happy couple have to climb a steep and stony path, and they happen to possess only one horse, it is the man who bestrides the wiry-limbed beast, while the wife may consider herself lucky if she be permitted to catch hold of the stirrup-leather or the horse's tail. Corsican women are profoundly religious and very superstitious. After the startling earthquake of last year an old lady said to me, "I was alarmed, for I thought the dead were rising from their graves, and I immediately lit my tapers." They believe in the efficacy of charms and incantations, and will chase away fevers by anointments and exhortations. Yet they can scarcely be called bigoted, and they place their husbands' behests before those of the Church.

**ELECTRIC SUNSTROKE.**—At a recent meeting of the Paris Surgical Society, Dr. Terrier presented a communication from Dr. Defontaine, chief physician at the Creusot Steel Works, on electric sunstroke—or, rather, electric-light stroke. At present the electric light is used at these works for producing the high temperature required in casting and welding metals, metals placed in the electric arc melting as if by magic, and even steel becoming soft as butter. At Creusot an electric furnace has already been in use for some time. The electric arc in which the metals are placed is of enormous intensity, its light, concentrated on some few square centimetres, being equal to ten thousand Carcel lamps, or more than one hundred thousand candles. The dazzling light is wonderful to look at, but great care has to be taken in doing so, as unprotected persons ten metres distant, although feeling no heat, experience an acute pain in every respect resembling that of sunstroke. Even if the light be often discontinued for a while, those engaged in these experiments experience after one or two hours a painful sensation in the throat, face, and temples, whilst

the skin assumes a copper-red hue. Generally the eyes are protected by means of darkened glasses, like those used when looking at the sun; but, in spite of this precaution, the retina becomes so affected that for many minutes afterwards those engaged in the work are unable to see any objects at all in daylight, and for more than an hour afterwards all objects assume a yellow color. In the pupil of the eye an irritation is caused, which lasts for forty-eight hours afterwards, and which is followed by a very painful sensation, as if some foreign substance were introduced under the eyelids. The discharge of tears is also very copious for twenty-four hours. Simultaneously headache and sleeplessness are experienced, which are caused partly by the copious discharge of tears, and partly by the pain and the feverish state of the body. Finally, during the next few days the skin of the face begins to peel off, ceasing only on the fifth day. Those who have seen Alpine guides returning from an ascent of the glaciers in the middle of the summer can form an idea of the effect produced by the electric sunstroke.

British Medical Journal.

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